THE COMMONWEAL

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THE BURNING BUSH

THAT literature is the record of human experience has been noted upon diverse occasions. Here is its title to reverence and affection. The infinitely varied, always dramatic procession from the cradle toward immortality is caught up and treasured not half so fondly in the other arts and sciences. Inevitably, however, the spectacle of any given year's literary produce raises the question as to just how far indulgence in fact and fancy about the antics of homo sapiens ought to be carried. The very fact that Americans have become more and more willing to entrust the choice of the books they read to some central advisory agency—generally some exponent of programmatic criticism—is in itself weighty evidence of the oppressive character of literature, quantitatively speaking. It is likewise certain that the worth-whileness of the record of life in any given time depends directly upon the collective virtues of civilization as a whole. The artist may choose, often has chosen, to retreat from the social scene, but in that case his work ceases to be a "record" in any but an arbitrary and highly circumscribed sense. And so many of us doubt the goodness and health of contemporary society that it becomes exceedingly difficult to have faith in contemporary literature.

During a full twenty years American writers have been carrying on in the consciousness that they are without social faith. The surfacy character of the older idealism had been pointed out to them. Decorum and Mendelssohn, sprayed like a coat of delft Duco over love and life by a coterie of popular novelists, simply glossed over what was really the "experience" of actual Americans. Where was the unsteady heart, the passionate impulse, the dark and deluded groping of the race? Where was our consciousness of the difference between the ideal—or at least the conventional—and the real in life? To these things a new school of writers gave their full attention. They became probers, diggers, scornful mockers, exhorters to social virtue. In all this they remained not unlike the eighteenth-century English, whose chief literary exploit it probably was to supplant Dryden's gaudy Almanzor with Defoe's Captain Singleton. The method and spirit of the new research were, however, different. The set of underlying philosophic principles wore a brand-new scientific garb. A core of biological, physical, sociological and psychological pronouncements formed the heart of one's outlook upon life, if one was at all interested in combining self-expression with the "modern" world. Psychoanalysis could hardly have taken the part it has in later American fiction if it had fitted in less naturally with the whole "laboratory" conception of existence. Surely it would have been obvious to a race less abnor-

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mally interested in physiology that, while the whole of life cannot be explained without sex, there are aspects of living which suggest sex only to those of muddled minds.

To the credit of this movement must be placed its honesty and its hard labor in supplanting old fictions with what looked like new facts. It became evident almost immediately, however, that these twin virtues were not of themselves sufficient to create art. The point would have been discerned sooner, in all probability, if the novel had been less completely the unique literary medium. All artistic endeavor aspires of necessity to the pinnacle of "ideal beauty." This it does, not merely because it has always done so throughout history, but simply because the "rise toward light" is the inescapable, redemptive desire of mankind. Literature —or any other form of art expression, for that matter—could not be a record of humanity if it did not constantly chronicle this desire. One can even apply a psychoanalytic test to the writing of the past two decades and say that what is missing is "sublimation" —the adventure of being lifted up over nature. After all his adventures in sham-hunting, Mark Twain got no farther than his formula of the "damned human race." After a generation of Freud, we are down as far as morbid, tawdry episodes of indiscriminate life in Harlem or Capri.

It has always been difficult to explain what "ideal beauty" is, although one recognizes it easily enough when it exists. Certainly it is not mankind rigged out for an Easter parade. It is not a conventionalistic veneer, applied for the sake of fooling ourselves into believing there was no Fall in paradise. We believe it can be understood in some measure by reflecting upon the experience of Moses with the burning bush. Out of the flame the Divine Voice addressed the prophet; and he took off his shoes in recognition of the holiness of the place. Thus whenever a sudden outcry of beauty from the midst of things overwhelms the artist, he too is stirred by words before which he kneels and through his memory of which we likewise hold our breath in awe. Fundamentally, therefore, something near unto holiness—something narrowly akin to religion—is incorporated in the artist's experience. Nor are his moments of creative vision unlike, though they are essentially different from, those hours of mystical insight which have reshaped, in a day, the careers of countless souls. Let us not forget that the first dramatic conversion in Christian history—the change of Saul into Paul—was also the conversion of a great artist, to whom a less startling catharsis cannot have been unknown.

At present some evidences of working in the spirit of this fundamental artistic experience, of dwelling in the shadow of "ideal beauty," may be discerned in American letters. Not wholly accidental is the appearance of two such novels as Willa Cather's Death Comes for the Archbishop and Thornton Wilder's Bridge of San Luis Rey, in which the evidence of idealism is unmistakable. Neither book, perhaps, manifests that comprehensive grasp of man which the greatest art always masters; but in both the imaginative range is wide enough to take in what the psychologist terms sublimation and what we may call consciousness of standing in the presence of the burning bush. And furthermore, since both incorporate elements which must be termed Christian, or even Catholic, one passes naturally from them to a consideration of what may be the modern artistic mission of the Christian and the Catholic. Such a mission has been discountenanced a priori by various antagonistic modern spokesmen, and it must be confessed that those who might conceivably be its proponents are so negative in their attitude toward the whole matter that their strength may be said to be largely wasted upon setting a guard against the foe.

In the first place, the affiliation between art and religion can now be only an affiliation between art and the Christian faith. All attempts to live once again in the spirit of Greek myth have failed. Pantheism, especially in the Indian sense, has never succeeded. In so far as religious experience is genuinely possible to modern men, who must perforce reckon intelligently with the facts of tradition and history, it must bear some relation to the august explanation of Divine and human relations offered by Christ. The burning bush inevitably takes Calvary for its background. Secondly, it is only the Christian—it is primarily the Catholic—body which preserves into our time any consciousness of society as an organic reality. All efforts to galvanize the "nation" into a living, breathing social unit have created nothing more than Frankensteins swelled with artificial pride, specialists in destruction. The "communion of saints" is the only existing recipe for corporate action. Here is a society in the purposes of which one can have ennobling faith; in the ultimate glory of which it is inspiring to take a full measure of hope; and within the boundaries of which love goes out warmly toward all things.

One grants that the Church does not exist for making literature or other art products. Imagine a religion which commanded its faithful to wax aesthetic! The point, obviously, is another one entirely. Precisely because the Christian conception of life is the only complete theoretical analysis of human nature, it is also the only one that can give body to a record of human nature. It is built upon the individual's consciousness of sin; but it is also reared solidly upon the certainty of Divine virtue. In all truth there can be no goody-goody, whitewashed mortal inside the Christian scheme of things—no outward show, immobile placidity—for even the saints knew perfectly well the catalogue of sins. But neither can there be ultimate, animalistic depravity; for the caress of God is on every soul, and into all His messages cleave their way. We shall do honor unto heaven in writing the record of the Christian life, and in so doing we shall make a literature worthy of humankind.

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THE COMMONWEAL

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WEEK BY WEEK

CONSIDERABLE courteous attention has been given to the study of "sources of international enmity" prepared and issued by the Catholic Association for International Peace. It is an able, relatively exhaustive document, which summarizes much of what can be found in Professor Moon's Syllabus on International Relations. There is an analysis of imperialism, a critique of militant nationalism, and some lucid probing into economic conflicts. The whole work is suggested by the time-honored proverb that before one can remedy an evil it is necessary to get at the causes. Perhaps a comparatively cynical reader—and there are such—might fancy that here is proof abundant that the real cause of war is man, and that therefore the pacifist ought to recommend an elimination of man. But this new Catholic document is not pacifistic. It offers no recipe for the millennium. It simply believes that when public opinion grows aware of the danger latent in some forms of social, political and economic activity, it will try to discover and apply safeguards in time. The scholarly and conscientious report suffers, inevitably enough, from being academic in character. What we need desperately is some way of bringing fact and truths of this character home to the average citizen in a way that will carry conviction without recourse to dangerous and sentimental hyperbole. Since that would mean, in essence, about the same thing as popularizing a dozen recent papal encyclicals, it seems that it might be achieved through already established ecclesiastical media, in a spirit of teaching peace as part of the corporate duty of Christendom.

THE problems involved in the term "peace" are anything but material for flowery harangues. Most of them are thorny and irritating sequences of practical negotiations, each one of which must laboriously be fitted into the general terrain. All this can be learned from the very interesting conversations which have recently engaged the wits of Secretary Kellogg and M. Briand. The first suggested a multilateral treaty outlawing all wars; the second pointed out that France and all the great powers other than the United States were bound by the League covenant not to renounce opposition to wars of aggression. Accepting the suggestion would therefore be tantamount to repudiating the League covenant. Consequently the proposed treaties must be modified to permit opposition, by League powers, to wars of aggression, leaving the United States free to follow its policy of recognizing diplomacy and arbitration as the only permissible forms of international action. It may be argued that Mr. Kellogg's proposal is better than the League covenant, from the peace-lovers' point of view. Practice has convinced M. Briand, however, that the League idea is the key to European peace, and he has a right to remind us that use of this key has already accomplished a great deal. Mr. Kellogg will probably have to retreat some distance, but he ought not to be discouraged. He has done the United States the double service of rediscovering the League and of restoring the significance of treaties as international peace instruments.

CHICAGO has decided wisely, even though its approval be settled upon nothing more than the lesser of two evils. The vote indicates an overwhelming repudiation of Small, Crowe, Thompson and their allies, in all but a few wards. It is primarily an expression of the public conscience, disgusted with a cabal forced to leave the "tough" element unopposed in order to uphold its own political status. Not a great deal can be said for the triumphant Deneen faction, but at its worst it has not dared to present anything like the spectacle of bombast and incompetence which Chicago has lately witnessed. Discretion has at least occasionally been one of its traits. That the city is so hard put attaining to anything better may, perhaps, be due to unavoidable geographical and historical facts. It suffers more than a little from not being divided up into boroughs, as New York and Pittsburgh are. The ward is the only subsidiary political organism, and the ward is notoriously difficult to visualize in any form excepting that of the boss. Nor is the circumstance that Chicago is so largely a manufacturing city without its political significance. Its labor problems—the stockyards being one prominent example—are specifically those round which violence and bitterness are engendered. Finally, its "foreign districts" are unusually compact and impermeable. If it is our most representative American city, it is also our most problematical city. Therein lies its greatness, its chaos and (we hope) its memorable civic opportunity.

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EASTERN comments on the Wisconsin primary election are somewhat fatuous. Because the La Follette machine suffered a loss, the moral was instantly and happily drawn that the intelligent voters of Wisconsin had at last wearied of bossism, that the unterrified had risen and shaken off the shackles, and all the rest of it. The real moral is that personal popularity cannot be transferred. If the original La Follette were still living, there is no reason to suppose he would not be just as strong as ever in Wisconsin. It is, indeed, a striking proof of his vitality that, so long after his death, he still rules Wisconsin through his son. That rule is being impaired and dented, as was inevitable, but it is not yet badly damaged. It is quite likely, too, that the Republican "stalwarts" have not gained so much as the returns indicate. If the La Follette vote fell off, that may have been due in part to the fact that for the first time it was not swollen so much by Democrats. The latter have had the habit of voting in the Republican primaries to strengthen La Follette. This year Mr. Smith's candidacy interested them enough to make them vote in their own primaries, and of course they could not vote in both.

IT IS with a reluctance easy to understand that The Commonweal finds itself forced to take issue with a contemporary devoted to the same interests as its own and within the bosom of the same communion. Certain comments, however, contained in a recent issue of the London Tablet seem to it so harshly inconsiderate of the rights of the poorer brother, and couched in language so absolutely opposed to the ideals of the Rerum Novarum, that it cannot, with honesty, refrain from adding its own note of reproach to that of correspondents in England, whose scathing letters the Tablet, to do it justice, has had the public spirit to print in one of its ensuing numbers. Not to be prolix, the incident has arisen out of a bill introduced in the British Parliament and aimed at relieving the small shopkeeper, whose trade depends largely on late customers, from the early-closing provisions of the Defense of the Realm Act, apparently still in force after ten years of peace. At the end of some remarks upon the danger of the wife and family, who are the small trader's only help, being "sweated" to meet the demands of this belated business, the Tablet concludes with the following rough piece of advice: "As for the one-man shopkeeper who cannot make a living otherwise than by being allowed to serve stragglers after regular hours, such a man should be encouraged [sic] to surrender his false and wretched independence and seek a job under some employer whose establishment is run on business lines and on a healthy time-table."

TO SAY that we are amazed to see an invocation of economic laws which are grinding the poor man like meal and to withstand which Mr. Gilbert Chesterton, perhaps the world's most prominent lay champion of the Faith, is devoting his time and passionate genius, appearing in a leading Catholic journal, is a mild expression of the case. Protest has been neither weak nor delayed. In a letter printed in its issue of March 24, a correspondent takes the Tablet editors roundly to task for their heartless language. He asks whether it is right that "a man made in God's image should surrender his God-given liberty" in order to work for employers to whom he is a mere cog in a wheel. He doubts (and we with him) that is in accordance with Catholic principles that "vast trade combines should be formed, the effect of which is to create a handful of millionaires at one end of the social scale and a horde of miserable paupers at the other." We shall be interested to read of other reactions, not to the Tablet's proposal, which is only too sorrowfully in line with social developments in post-war England, but to editorial comment approving them in a journal which is or should be, heir to a Christian philosophy and social practice that knew how to put the monopolist in his proper moral light. Before dismissing the incident, we might remark that this is not the first time we have had occasion, in perusing the Tablet's columns, to take note of an impatience and irritation with the poor man and his demands ringing strangely indeed in a weekly magazine which is the diocesan organ of the see occupied by the primate of the church in England.

IN INTRODUCING a survey of five years' work completed by the American Child Health Association, Mr. Herbert Hoover asserts that the endeavor grew out of a conscious resolve on the part of social students to unite "the output of scientific and technical minds with that great impulse of benevolence which poured itself out to the aid of the war-stricken children of Europe." Who could doubt, in view of what draft statistics revealed concerning the population, that fostering children was a necessary civic obligation? The people who stood with Mr. Hoover for the cause have been able to conduct inspections of the milk supply in twenty-one states, and to stimulate improvement; to scrutinize infant mortality statistics with a view to determining what factors can be eliminated; to furnish schools with health advice and guidance; to broadcast an immense amount of inspirational instruction, the nucleus of which has become the May-day observance; and to direct especial attention to the needs of Negro and Indian children. We consider the record eminently notable and hope to see it continued. It is a pleasure to learn from the report that Catholic and other congregations are listening, in growing number, to May-day sermons stressing the physical, mental and spiritual care of children. Certainly one finds it difficult to think of a purpose to which the Day of the Virgin Mother, whose care of her Child is a beautiful example for all to follow, could be devoted.

AGAINST all arguments that may be advanced in favor of what is termed companionate marriage, two simple masses of evidence rest obvious and secure. The

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first is that which demonstrates beyond any reasonable shadow of doubt Christ's teaching that matrimony is a sacrament, immortally binding, interweaving man and woman as the Saviour and His Church are intertwined. The second is the experience of the human race—the knowledge it has gained regarding happiness and usefulness, health and beauty, in sexual relationships. We confess that it is more than difficult for us to see how any prestige can attach itself to an arbitrary theory which negates the world's highest ethical authority and widest experience. There are some matters which Saint Augustine termed "necessary evils." No amount of jugglery can transmute them into charming goods. This has been said time and time again, in the name of Christ, on contemporary platforms. We are happy to see it put forcibly in the name of experience by Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, speaking as an opponent of Judge Lindsey. The Jewish race is one of the best available proofs that respect for monogamic marriage and its purpose is a solid guarantee of social health and endurance. What people has passed through more economic, social and mental misery than have the Jews? And yet, where is their rival for power and longevity?

RABBI WISE spoke "as a Jew," expressing some beliefs to which we do not assent. But he said proudly that the Jewish position with regard to marriage "perhaps accounts for the miracle of the preservation of the home as the decisively sustaining factor of the life of the Jew." And he went on to express a few conclusions which we gladly pass on to our readers: "I would rather have youth face the fact of permanence and indissolubleness in marriage, than impermanence and dissolubleness. Which will evoke more from the soul of man and woman? If you cannot make it go, there is a way out; or you must make it go. It all goes back to something more fundamental than marriage. Which is better: for a man to be free, without let or hindrance, to wreck self and to smash others, or to be under bond, regarding self as a member of a social order? Companionate marriage not only throws away the lock of wedlock but ends the wed. It means 'exchange your partner'; marriage means, 'change yourself.' May not, in the language of one of the noblest ethical teachers of our generation, monogamy be described as being like a difficult advance position which an advance guard of the army of civilization has achieved? Because of the scattering fire of the enemy and the slower advance of the main body of the army, the advance guard must not abandon what it has won, must not lower its standard." These words seem to summarize millennial experience.

IT IS a happy quality of the heroic struggle with space and hostile nature which is adding almost weekly a new name to a long roll of honor, that each successive attempt to conquer the air has special features all its own that make it a fresh and unprecedented story. The flight of the two German aviators with their Irish companion, their deadly danger from fog and their providential descent on what is almost a desert island in Canadian territory is likely to fill the columns of our press for some days to come. What we would like to comment upon just now is one little incident, so naïve and artless that it is hard to read of it without being carried back to days when a whole unexplored continent lay opposite Europe, and when the perils and uncertainties of exploration made reliance upon supernatural help almost as natural as steering by stars or compass. "By God's grace," says the message sent by Major James Fitzmaurice to the representative of the Irish Free State at Washington, "east to west Atlantic flight at last accomplished." To see any conscious gesture, however reverent, in the wording of the gallant pilot's message would, we believe, be not only a mistake, but rob the occurrence of a great deal of its charm and significance. "Please God"; "If God will"; "By the grace of God"; are locutions so habitual on the lips of the Irish Catholic, in every conjuncture of life, great and small, sad and joyful, that we insist on believing it slipped into the text of Major Fitzmaurice's despatch as automatically as the telegraphic "stop." And even in a world that is beginning to find the much-advertised repugnance of faith to science and science to faith ancient and misleading news, it comes to us bearing upon it "such grace as morning shadows wear."

MUCH has been said regarding Henrik Ibsen during the observance of his centenary, and some things at least have been worth saying. Among the curious and, to our mind, notable comments, none is more interesting than P. G. La Chesnais's article in the current Mercure de France, which deals with Emperor and Galilean, a two-part drama in which the great Norwegian portrayed Julian the Apostate. This play is comparatively little known, though it is certainly the most ambitious of Ibsen's efforts and the last of that earlier and more mystical "cycle" which antedates his modern social dramas. Our French critic is able to prove that, while Ibsen was traveling in Italy, his attention was directed to Julian because of certain passages from an old chronicle which a friend had read to him. He was not deeply schooled in history, however, and so went to Rome in order to procure bibliographical assistance from the German libraries there. At the time, however, not much source material relative to Julian had been printed in German, and so the dramatist was directed to Albert de Broglie's history of the fourth century. Here was a Catholic historian whose analysis of the apostate emperor was considerably more impartial and scholarly than earlier accounts had been. That Ibsen's transposition of diverse passages is almost verbatim strikes one as a curious fact, especially since his poor knowledge of French led him into making several errors. The influence of the Catholic writer upon the Norwegian Protestant playwright

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is an interesting topic for speculation, but Ibsen seems to have determined his attitude toward the character in advance and to have clung to it doggedly. His Julian is proud, vain and hypocritical, even though he preserves something relatively like grandeur throughout. In fact he gives the Apostate a far less favorable bill of health than does Albert de Broglie. Why this should be so, and why Ibsen took such a deep interest in the subject, are piquant questions. All in all, the Mercure de France article cannot be overlooked by students of Ibsen—which is vastly more than can be said for a great deal of centenary literature.

THE RULING DAUGHTERS

IT IS a common observation that intolerance grows by what it feeds upon. It is an observation no less sound, though somewhat less general, that an appetite for direction, for supervision of other people's lives—in a word, for meddling—is not confined to those set in high places by a (more or less) popular vote. When the pressure of some adverse opinion is felt, limiting what has always been imagined to be an imprescriptible right, it is very hard for victims to verify the exact source from which their discomfiture proceeds. Theoretically, the principle of delegation of authority works upward from some authentic sentiment held by the majority, reasons of convenience and practicability naturally limiting the number of people who are to give it effect. In practice, what really happens is that the impulse to impress a corporate will is a very vague and ill-defined affair when it starts, but gathers definiteness the further away it gets from those who first set it in motion. When the process of delegation is complete, we get the amazing spectacle of little groups, often consisting of not more than three or four, offering themselves as spokesmen or spokeswomen for millions of citizens whose control over their activities ceased long before their program was drafted. During the congressional inquiry into the workings of prohibition a year or so ago, The Commonweal had to take note of a witness who offered himself as representative of "all the farmers in the country," and who was forced, under cross-examination, to admit that he was elected to this giddy dignity by a little junta of three persons, one of whom was abroad at the time of his appointment.

The recent "black-list" activities of the D. A. R., which have been taking up many columns in the daily and weekly press, are a case in point. A mere glance at the names of the organizations whose outlawry the ladies of the Revolution have seen fit to endorse is calculated to make the most casual reader catch his breath. Some of them are obscure, upon others a vague suspicion of crankiness and wrong-headedness seems to rest. But a roll that includes such familiar and accepted names as the American Association of University Women, the Farmers' National Council, the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America, to say nothing of the Y. M. C. A. and our own N. C. W. C., bespeaks something more than a desire to separate sheep from goats or tares from wheat. What we are watching at work is that elusive thing a "state of mind," as unreasonable and as hard to allay as a religious scruple, which regards, not alone the expression of anti-national principles, but the expression of any original opinion at all, as so dangerous that even the abridgment of popular liberties is preferable to it.

Doubtless the ladies who have administered this sharp shock to the intelligence of our country have, in their zeal, overshot the mark, and Professor Faunce's comforting assurance that "public laughter will soon take care of the black-list" may be a likely prophecy. But one or two considerations, by no means laughable, disengage themselves from the incident and deserve a little thought. One is that a certain distrust of intelligence, an instinct to fight the habit of "thinking for oneself" not by counter argument but by the speedier and more effective method of suppression is by no means a remote danger in a country where the vast majority of citizens are preoccupied with material concerns. In a society heterogeneous in its origins but homogeneous (or nearly so) in its functions, a very practical detriment attaches to the holding of any conviction forceful or steadfast enough to make it "bad business." The sensitiveness of any large newspaper to even a single angry letter is one symptom of this timidity. The ridiculous right of challenge, abused until no juror could sit on a case whose mind was not the vacuum nature is said to abhor, and which the law has had to step in to end, is another. The merging of the intelligence of a whole people into some drab amalgam, the development of a sterilized citizenry guaranteed to be neither for nor against, to neither offend nor defend, is hardly the ideal the founders of the republic had in mind, and we rather wonder what the fathers of the Revolution would think of their daughters.

Another overdue improvement is some sharp and effective method of inquiry into the credentials of bodies who exercise at will what is really a national censorship, and some means whereby those whose patriotism and citizenship they impugn may have their day in court. A great deal of unattached authority is abroad just now, dating from war-time emergency but without its justification. We would like to see those who lay hold of it for their own ends summoned to give an account of themselves, and particularly asked to state how many in their own organization stand behind their specific act. We know nothing of the inside constitution of the D. A. R. But we rather suspect that, on examination, the committee which has endorsed a "black-list" including some of the most respectable names in the union would be found about as truly representative of the immense body of American womanhood who number Revolutionary heroes among their ancestry, as the muddled witness who claimed to speak on behalf of "all the farmers in the country" was of the agricultural interest.

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BISHOPS—AND A NAMELESS PRIEST

By MICHAEL WILLIAMS

I

I READ the April number of the Atlantic Monthly in a cell in a Trappist abbey in a remote part of the Kentucky countryside; in particular, I read the third article by the anonymous priest, concerning whose first article I was permitted by the courtesy and justice of the Atlantic to make a few remarks, from a Catholic layman's point of view, in the March number of that magazine. Again I am moved to offer a few comments, which may appear to be not very directly in line with what the unknown critic has to say about "the incubus of the temporal power"; nevertheless, I think that they do deal with the most fundamental aspect of the problems he discusses. He assures us that nothing is further from his mind than to publish "anything injurious against the dear and ancient Mother at whose feet" he has grown up.

> The Church is, we believe, divine in her conception, her doctrine and her means of grace. On the other hand, in her members, clerical and lay, in her polity, and in many of her practices she is human. In this latter regard alone is criticism permissible. If it be not right to criticize the human genius of the Church, then are we deprived of a great and necessary instrument for progress. We are left without hope of adopting her teachings to the needs of the modern world.

Most of this has a familiar sound. Nobody who knows anything about either human nature or its history, including the history of the Catholic Church, will dissent. Reformers within the Church have so spoken since the time of Peter and Paul, including the two chief apostles. Many who left the Church and did their worst to destroy it also began with similar words. I fail, however, to recall the name of any real reformer who accomplished any part of his salutary purpose by ignoring the explanations and origins of the things he deemed to be evils when he attacked them; or who gave only half-truths when uttering the truth. But then, of course, we cannot remember names when names are not used. Perhaps it is only the modern mind which the latest critic is so fond of evoking which sees virtue in anonymity, or courage in sniping from secret rifle pits; such was not the system of the Hildebrands, the Catherines of Genoa, the Saint Bernards, the Saint Brigids of Sweden, and all the other innumerable denouncers and reformers of the human failings of the members of the Church.

However, let us grant to modern critics the methods of modernity, if they must use such tactics; and pass on to what this particular modernist says in this latest chapter of his grievances. I will not restate them in detail; my main aim is to give a picture of the Church, its human side as well (I dare to hope) as some glimpse, at least, of its divine nature, which has been unfolded for me here among the Trappists during Holy Week. But first I will give, in very condensed form, what I trust will be a faithful account of his principal charges, with a bare mention of one or two details.

All that he says is really an extension of remarks made in his first article: namely, that the Church has completely transformed the character it possessed in primitive times; departing from simplicity and brotherly love and democracy, and becoming a dictatorial monarchy, a feudal institution; its bishops (in especial its American bishops) creatures of arrogance, money- and power-seekers, ecclesiastical politicians, lovers of state and luxury; tyrants of the modern mind, which is denied individuality, liberty and enlightenment because of the baneful system carried down intact from feudal times; the claim of the temporal power of the Papacy being the chief example and symbol of this state of affairs, its subjects being ruled by external authority, accepted because of fear.

What is really remarkable is the fact that he says not one word to show that he knows, what he must know, that the temporal power and the authority of bishops (outside of purely spiritual jurisdiction) were historic necessities, admitted as such by most competent historians, whether Catholic or non-Catholic. In the chaos of Europe when the Roman empire fell, only the organization of the Church remained stable, and furnished some system by which civilization could survive, or along the lines of which it could revive where it had been overthrown. The view that the Church has kept its ancient or its feudal qualities quite intact into our own age is a thesis so singular that I cannot really deal with it adequately.

With one or two of the alleged proofs which he advances I will, however, deal briefly. First, he tells us that the cry of "Viva il papa-rè!" is still heard in the Vatican when the Pope appears in public audience, and that the cry of "Long live the Pope-king" comes loudest from the American students among the seminarians. Well, it happens that I have often been at audiences, public and private both, in the Vatican; including the exciting time when the present Pope was elected and crowned with the triple tiara in Saint Peter's a few years ago. I did hear a few such cries; undoubtedly the sentiment they express is held by many Catholics—I am one of them, for reasons I shall state in a moment—but the notion of American students bawling forth the cry really makes me laugh. You would be just as likely to hear bashful young Englishmen yelling "Bravo!" at the opera on some night when the Latin element of the audience is boiling over. It simply isn't done. By far the greater number of American Catholics with

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whom I have discussed the Roman question, the problem of the "temporal power," are all firmly against the resumption of the Pope's acknowledged place as head of a state. On this point I think I am a heretic from the overwhelming American doctrine.

It is, to my mind, simply a case of practical efficiency that can be maintained for the so-called "temporal power." The central governing body of the Church should be, in fact as well as in principle, separate from any state, and have its own super-national position assured to it. Then it would not be, as the anonymous critic says it is, that the supreme Pontificate of the Catholic Church would be "attached to an Italian diocese." The practical opportunity for others than Italians to be Popes would be realized. The great war proved how necessary it is for the Church to be super-national, as a Church. But such are merely my personal opinions.

Secondly, as for American bishops delighting in the title of "My Lord," or "Your Lordship," I know of no American bishop—and I think I know most of them—who ever uses such titles, or desires to do so. English and Canadian custom on this point maintains the old English usage; but in the United States it has passed, if ever it was employed at all generally. As for kissing the bishop's ring, I have too often been grabbed by the hand and pulled to my feet brusquely when I attempted to perform that traditional, and, to my mind, very proper and useful piece of symbolic etiquette, to share the anonymous critic's dismal views of the feudal habits of our American bishops.

Thirdly, that there are, as there always have been, bishops and other ecclesiastics who have been too human in their employment of their necessary power, or who have enjoyed luxury more than was becoming their state and position, or who have been ambitious, humanly speaking, for the terrible dignity and awful responsibilities of the episcopate; or who have been too zealous, at times too insistent, in raising money for their diocesan needs—why, yes, of course; of course; who doubts it?—who denies it? But—but what about our American bishops as a body, today or yesterday? Are such charges the complete, or even the most important, part of the story? What about the bishops who are humble in their power, poor amid the money they must have for their needs, and brothers and fathers at once of the humble and the poor?

Perhaps I may be allowed to repeat something said on this subject on another occasion:

> The bishops of the Catholic Church are not always either saints or marvelous lights of intellectual eminence, sometimes perhaps they would with difficulty qualify for even lower degrees of goodness. But human goodness is always what they seek; it is goodness more than intellect which they know to be the one thing above all others desirable. As bishops, each and every one of them today, as through all the centuries since the beginning of the Church, and as it will be until the end of the world, is first of all the shepherd of souls. They are likewise administrators who care for complicated organizations called dioceses—each one with its scores or even thousands of priests, and hundreds of churches, schools, seminaries, hospitals, asylums for the old, the orphans, the sick, the insane, the lepers; together with many subsidiary organized groups carrying on educational, charitable and spiritual labors. When a great bishop, or a prelate, like a Newman or a Von Ketteler or a Manning or a Gibbons or an Ireland, appears—men who in addition to the usual and accustomed work of their high offices are also great intellectuals, or literary artists, or orators—men whose mental gifts are so conspicuous that even those not of their own faith respect and admire them—the whole Catholic Church applauds also, and is glad. But Catholics likewise know that great bishops are great not because of these added gifts, but because they are leaders in a spiritual sense, because they are the men whose dioceses are first of all administered in the interests of the one thing above all other things that is necessary, namely, the serving and saving of souls. To judge the Catholic Church in the United States, or anywhere else, by bishops who may be an exception to the general rule, would be as unfair and misleading as to judge the priesthood by one or two priests who rebel against its discipline and write their charges anonymously, and quite unfairly.

II

The Atlantic critic relates several instances of what he considers the drastic and harsh methods pursued by certain American bishops in money-raising. They probably are true enough; we all hear such stories; but usually, as in these instances, we do not hear all the facts. I think, however, of Albert Chevalier's coster song, popular in England some years ago, about the man who irritated other people because: "It ain't exactly wot 'e says; it's the nawsty wye 'e says it." And also I think about a few incidents in my own experience, concerned with bishops and money and power, which it may be worth while relating.

Some years ago, I paid a visit to a monastery of discalced Carmelites, housed in the famous little church, or, rather, in the convent attached to the church, of Saint Brigid of Sweden, the founder of the great order of the Brigittines, who some five or six hundred years ago was denouncing the evils of the Church, and demanding the return of the Popes from their "Babylonish captivity" to the kings of France in Avignon; but who considered, quaintly enough, that in addition to expressing her mind on the subject with characteristic Catholic freedom and force, intense prayer and self-sacrifice on her part were her most effective weapons. I was fortunate enough to find a member of the community who spoke English, and we had an interesting and (for me at least) profitable chat. When I rose to go I mentioned that I would be sailing from Naples on the morrow for the United States. "Ah, then, that was why Providence sent you to the monastery today!" cried the nun. A bit confused at being considered an agent of Providence, I asked why she held that opinion.

"Why, we have been waiting for a long time to find

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someone who was going to the States, and who would be kind enough to act as our messenger," she replied. "You see, during the war, we were in great distress, indeed, we thought we might starve. What little funds we owned were invested in securities ruined by the war. But, thanks be to God, we had a good American friend who learned of our troubles, and who tided us over till better days came. We are, as I hope I may say without vanity, rather good needle-women in this community, so we have made a relic case to give to our friend, as a little mark of our gratitude. But it would be ruined if we trusted it to the mails; it must be carefully carried by someone who will guard it well, and who will personally deliver it."

Of course I promised to do so, gladly. The man to whom later on I delivered the gift was one of our American cardinal archbishops.

"Fear, moral and religious fear, prompts the Catholic to kiss the foot or the hand of his ecclesiastical superior," says the Atlantic critic of the Church. Well, believe me or not, when I kissed the cardinal's ring somehow or other I felt nothing at all resembling fear. The tears that had softened the strong light in the cardinal's eyes, as he spoke of the Carmelites, and of all the nuns whose value to the Church, and to the world, is so highly regarded by those who guide the Church; and my knowledge of many other acts of unknown charity done by him (and by his brother bishops generally, for the matter of that) somehow did not move me to fear of him.

For I would have this critic of the Church, and those who may share his views, know this fact concerning the otherwise insignificant layman who replies to him, namely, that I really know what I am talking about. I am far indeed from being able to claim that I am a good Catholic, in the sense that the Church considers her children to be good; but for fifteen years, since I became a Catholic and found the Church to be the most interesting and important subject for observation and study of all subjects that may engage human attention, I have used every opportunity and employed every faculty that a journalist develops to observe the practical operations of the Church, and those who direct those operations; and my deliberate judgment is that the American bishops of the Catholic Church in the United States, as a body, constitute the most estimable and socially serviceable group of men in the country. American non-Catholics might well remember, as one of the many facts that might be mentioned in proof of this statement, that while the Catholics of the country number only about one-fifth or one-sixth of the population, and while they have to spend enormous sums of money to support their own school system in addition to paying all other taxes, they nevertheless maintain 50 percent of the hospitals of the country, hospitals open to all; while what they do to support other kinds of philanthropic institutions would make a list rather tedious to read. Yes, of course, the bishops need money; and if at times they, or their agents, are somewhat positive in their demands, well, anybody who, in order to get some general good accomplished, has had to raise money from people who need it for other things, will be inclined, I fancy, rather to sympathize with the bishops. Some day, no doubt, the bishops with the aid of their more efficient laymen will make the money-raising methods of the Church more businesslike, less haphazard, than they are today; for bishops themselves do not regard their money-raising work as the most congenial of their many labors.

Returning, for a moment, to the subject of the terrible feudal hauteur of bishops in dealing with their priests, the story that the Atlantic critic tells about the bishop who dealt so testily with one of his priests in that matter, reminds me of another, as men say when the story-telling mood is upon them. I happened (it is too bad that "I" seem always to be happening upon persons and events; but, after all, my only claim upon your attention is that of a journalist, an observer; I have no abstract authority in affairs such as these; I give only a layman's testimony)—anyhow, I did happen to be one of that immense crowd that received the blessing of the world and of the city, when Pope Pius XI, Bishop of Bishops (and Servant of Servants) was elected.

It may be remembered that he chose to break the precedent established in 1870, when the Popes became the "prisoners of the Vatican" after the new Italian government grabbed the property of the Church (as governments have a bad habit of doing: as in Mexico the other day); thereafter, the great blessing which each new Pope from time immemorial has dispensed as a sign of his universal fatherhood of all men, under God, was given inside Saint Peter's. Pius XI astonished the world by coming to the exterior balcony of Saint Peter's. It was an event of enormous social and political importance, signifying as it did a new orientation in papal policy; moreover, the new Pope, assuming that critical responsibility, was also in the first moments of his assumption of all the tremendous powers of his unique office. You would have supposed that his mind would have been fully occupied with the vast affairs into which he, who so lately had been a retired librarian, man of letters, and chaplain to a convent of mystical nuns, had been precipitated. Yet as he passed through the Vatican on his way to the balcony, he stopped. A little knot of officials and secretaries to the cardinals who had been in the conclave knelt to one side, begging his blessing. He called out to one of them, an English Benedictine monk, secretary to Cardinal Gasquet. The astonished priest approached. "Father," said the Pope, "I was so sorry to hear of the death of your mother. I prayed for her and for you at my Mass this morning; I will do so at my first Mass as Pope, tomorrow."

No, bishops are not always merely feudal lords toward their priests.

And another story, harking back to the way bishops use their money. This time the bishop in question was

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another Pope, Benedict XV. During the war he dispensed a special fund for the relief of Italian families in desperate circumstances on account of the absence of their breadwinners at the front. A list was brought to the Pope, with the name of a certain woman and her children crossed off of it. He asked the reason. "Why, Holy Father," he was told, "the husband of that woman is a furious Socialist, who has made frightful threats against you and the Church; an anti-Catholic journalist, to boot; a man having a bad influence over others."

"But of course, he is getting food at the front, is he not?" said the Pope. "It is the mother and children who need the food. Send them the money."

The Socialist soldier heard about this autocratic behavior in due time. It is said to have produced a certain effect upon him; giving him a new view of the Catholic Church, its functions and its chief bishop.

His name, by the way, was Mussolini.

III

But let us get a little closer to the heart, or rather, the soul of the Catholic Church—which operates, as it must in a human world, through a body that entails organization and system, rules and laws; as all things human must do—even anarchism, which operates its press, organizes its propaganda, selects and follows its leaders, when it really practically tries to prove that the world can get along without rules and law and organization. The sort of vague, even amorphous "brotherhood" which is preached by this latest critic of the Church, apparently as the one and only principle, and apparently also as its one, sole and sufficient "rule" or "law, is simply stuff and nonsense: a baseless dream at best, a hazy, will-o'-the-wisp sort of ideal. Impossible, even absurd. Imagine such a dreamer, such an idealist; grant him magical eloquence in stating his chimera, and personal force in getting other people to adopt it. And then let us say that he captivates the imaginations, and bedevils the wills of the good people of Boston or New York by saying: "The only law is right; put right into effect, and you won't have to bother or worry about wrong. So, down with this tyrannical traffic law of right and left, as the first step toward building the New Jerusalem in America's happy land! The street commissioners are feudal tyrants; the traffic cops are their slaves, and in their turn tyrannize over the lesser folk. All this unchristian business of cops saluting their sergeants, and sergeants kowtowing to captains, and captains taking orders from inspectors, and inspectors deferring to a terrible old man called the commissioner must and shall be abolished. Let right prevail! Motorists and pedestrians all have the law of right in their souls; let them express it, and we shall return to primitive and apostolic conditions, and thus be truly modern!" And then imagine the scene—but, no, it would be too harrowing.

The strange thing about our critic when he denounces the discipline and organization of the Church, is that he quotes (just as really fervent Protestants, the people of private and peculiar judgment, in all ages—and long before Protestantism was known by this equivocal name —have always done) only those Bible texts and episodes that chime with his illusions. He does not mention of the Christ of meekness and gentleness Who took scourges to the money-changers, except to make the happening obscurely apply to bishops who raise money for church purposes in ways that he does not like; he seems to forget that Christ was displaying just wrath in a way that must have made Tolstoi and all the pacifists squirm when they read the passage. Nor does he tell us of the Christ Who so sternly rebuked His first bishop, Peter; and cursed the cities that had displeased Him; nor does he recall that Christ did not simply form a vague brotherhood, He founded an organized Church, and those whom He placed in charge of that organization, and who unquestionably were in the best position to know what the Master wanted, formed a quite elaborate organization, with grades and degrees, and marked discipline, with authority in designated hands. Nothing human, indeed, can be managed without some such plan; the Church less than anything.

And as for members of the Church, from its supreme head downward, failing and sinning—why, of course! What else can be expected, at least on the part of Christians, who because they are Christians must believe in the reality of sin, and the results of the Fall of man. Those who are not Christians, of course, have the right to laugh at these terms, if they wish; but not Christians. Sin, the inclination to assent with the will to think, say, or do the things we know to be wrong, is the constant element in all human beings, more or less yielded to by all, from the dawn of the age of reason, to the grave. Popes, bishops, priests, are as human as the rest of us. They themselves know it better than we do. I have before me as I write in my cell in the monastery a "retreat book," written by a priest for priests and monks; and practically its whole message is the stressing of that fact, the reminding of the priests who use it of their general tendency, as human beings, to sin, and of the special temptations created by their priestly state. Sharper things are in this book, and in a score of others that might be listed, than the rather vapory generalities of the Atlantic critic, but the difference between what they say and how they say it, and the things said, and the way they are said by the critic, is profound. They say it within the family, so to speak; over their own names, in their own proper persons; trying to reform in a way that is appropriate to reform; but the other is a mere washing of dirty linen in public, with the neighbors pointing and sniggering and scoffing. What possible good can it do?

I cannot help but think that if this critic were with me this week in Gethsemani Abbey, in retreat, the struggle that goes on at all times within the Church to overcome the failings of its human side would be clearer to him; and he would realize how, after all, its divine side always wins. Come and see!

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WHAT, THEN, WAS THE REFORMATION?

By FRANCIS AIDAN GASQUET

(The following article by Cardinal Gasquet is of special interest in view of recent religious developments in England and of the controversy which attempted changes in the Book of Common Prayer have aroused.—The Editors.)

MR. W. H. HUTTON, a well-known writer, holding a position as history tutor at the University of Oxford, some years ago now, addressed "a small society of Oxford theologians" on the subject of the English Reformation. The paper had also been read in London, at Market Harborough, and at the church congress at Shrewsbury. After having subsequently appeared in the columns of the Guardian newspaper, it was again printed, in the form of a pamphlet under the title of The English Reformation. The lecturer thus states his object at the beginning of his address:

> I cannot but feel that it would be helpful to many of us to have a clear impression of what the Reformation was. I venture, therefore, to offer a contribution to the discussion on the Reformation, in the form of such conclusions as I have drawn from the study I have given to the subject. . . . Several of these conclusions are those that we have all arrived at long ago; they are even what people nowadays call "obvious"; but I am inclined to believe that what is "obvious" is not always understood.

Now, when a lecturer on history at one of the great English universities says, in regard to an event of such importance in English history as the Reformation: "These are the conclusions I have drawn from the study I have given to the subject," we are not unnaturally inclined to accord him a respectful hearing, in spite of the modest warning which accompanies his statement, that he does "not in any way lay claim to speak with authority." The mere fact that they were the conclusions of a man in Mr. Hutton's position, and that he could declare that, "so far as I know, so far as I have gone, they are what I believe to be solid results"—this mere fact, I say, must certainly cause them to be accepted as such without question by many who have not been so fortunate as to enjoy Mr. Hutton's opportunities for historical reading and research. More especially must this be the case when he adds that, though he does not "now quote the evidence" for any of these conclusions, he has yet satisfied himself "that there is sufficient evidence for them all." These conclusions, therefore, are worth consideration, not so much because they are Mr. Hutton's as because they are apparently accepted as proven by so many on both sides of the Atlantic, and this is true now, as it was twenty years back.

In brief, the "conclusions" in regard to the English Reformation at which Mr. Hutton has arrived after mature study, and which he considers are all borne out by "sufficient evidence," are the following:

> (1) The English Reformation is utterly different from any other Reformation. (2) The English Reformation was spread over 200 years. It lasted practically from 1485 to 1662. Under Henry VII, all the causes which led to a breach with Rome were in existence; and in one of its chief aspects, the dissolution of the monasteries, the Reformation had actually begun. (3) The so-called "divorce question" had very little to do with the Reformation. (4) The Reformation was inevitable: nothing could have stopped it.

It will probably be convenient if I make a few remarks on these first four conclusions, before taking Mr. Hutton's fifth and last, which is really the important matter. To begin with the first: "The English Reformation is utterly different from any other Reformation." It is clear at the outset that the word "utterly," unless it is to be divorced from its only recognized meaning, is a mere exaggeration, which no one in face of the known facts could for a moment defend. There are points of obvious similarity, doctrinal and otherwise, not to speak of direct connection, between the English and the various continental phases of the Reformation. This no one who knows anything about the matter can deny; and it is quite impossible to claim for the reform movement in England any unique position or "splendid isolation." Apart from this adjective "utterly," the assertion is either a platitude or a truism. The Reformation of the sixteenth century in each country was, of course, different, and sometimes widely different, from that of every one of its neighbors. All of them—the Swiss, the Belgian, the German, the Italian, the Polish—were each, in a sense, of course, unique, but no one could say they were "utterly different."

Secondly, we are bidden to observe that "the English Reformation was spread over nearly two hundred years. It lasted practically from 1485 to 1662" —that is to say, from the accession of the Tudors to the last Act of Uniformity and the "Black Bartholomew." Why 1662 should be considered as the final effort of the Reformation is not obvious; for, beyond the "Black Bartholomew," and the obligation then put upon the clergy to receive episcopal ordination for the due exercise of the ministry in the Established Church, there is no reason why the history of the movement should stop there and not be continued to the present day, any more than why it should begin with 1485, For just as good a reason might the Lutheran Reformation be considered as extending up to the foundation of the Evangelical Church of Prussia in the last century, and as starting with the Council of Basle.

The fact is that "the Reformation" for England, in the only sense which that term has among ordinary and educated folk, implies a change from what such folk

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call "the Catholic religion" to what they call and understand by the name "Protestantism": that is, such a change as would be implied if the inhabitants, say, of southern Bavaria had their religion changed for them to that of Pomerania. By this it is, of course, not in the least contended that the change was bad or that it was good; but that it was, as a change, a concrete and definite historical fact, which has been known to all and spoken of by all—except perhaps by modern professed controversialists—as "the English Reformation."

It is hard to see how anyone acquainted with the facts can doubt that this revolution, whether for good or evil, was in reality carried out in England within the space of, say, twenty years. The real change was an accomplished fact within this brief period of time; and other changes, as to higher level or lower level in practice and belief, that have taken place at various times since, even up to our own days, are wholly insignificant in comparison. In fact, Mr. Hutton, like every reasonable man who comes to the point, and is not merely engaged in "argumenting" (as it has been called) "upon the Pope and his estate," evidently sees this quite clearly himself; for he says: "Elizabeth's reign, if we must be particular, is the real era of the Reformation settlement." If this be so, why (except for the purpose of mere "argumenting upon the Pope") raise issues or lay down postulates that, directly on being examined, prove to be a mere arbitrary use of words, and misleading?

Thirdly, Mr. Hutton is sure the "divorce question" was not so important in the English Reformation movement; in fact, that it "had very little indeed to do with it." He says:

> This is quite plain from the dreary volumes of unsavory letters and pamphlets which record every phase of the case, and which I have been wearily wading through.

On this, one observation only seems called for, viz.: how easy it apparently is for different people to draw different conclusions from the perusal of the same documents. Dr. James Gairdner, than whom no one had a greater right to speak with authority on these very documents, on this declared that:

> When a gentleman of Mr. Hutton's attainments is able seriously to tell us this, I think it is really time to ask people to put two and two together and say whether the sum can be anything but four. It may be disagreeable to trace the Reformation to so very ignoble an origin; but facts, as the Scottish poet says, are fellows that you can't coerce, and that won't bear to be disputed. . . . That which we call the Reformation in England—and it really changed the status of religion all the world over—was the result of Henry VIII's quarrel with the court of Rome on the subject of his divorce, and the same results could not possibly have come about in any other way.

Having got rid of the "divorce" as a cause, or even as an important factor, Mr. Hutton gives us his mature judgment as to the real cause of "the Reformation," that "the feeling of the people" was such that "the Reformation was inevitable: nothing could have stopped it." Fortunately, he does not leave us merely to accept or reject this broad statement, but tells his readers how he came to this conclusion.

> This is overwhelmingly borne in upon one as one reads, as I have recently been doing, the literature of the fifteenth century—not only Wyclif earlier, but Gascoigne and Pecock, and the Paston Letters. And, besides that, the most pious lay sons of the Church saw that it must come—More and the scholars of Oxford and Cambridge who introduced Greek.

Over these not very recondite but instructive sources I may also claim to have passed many a busy and many a meditative hour, but most certainly was not led to the same conclusion. It may be worth while perhaps to explain why, especially as it may help to show the reason why many people seem to get what may be called "tangled ideas" on subjects that border "upon the Pope and his estate."

"The Reformation," says Mr. Hutton, "was inevitable." What is wrong here is all in the little article "the." Writers who deal with "the English Reformation," should beware how they use their parts of speech. "The Reformation," when we are professedly dealing with "the English Reformation," is a definite, concrete fact. We know (or, if we please, we can know) what we accurately mean when we speak about it. Taking Elizabeth's reign, for example, we need have no difficulty in knowing what were its doctrines, its devotions, its discipline, if Sampson, Cartwright, and some other divines and worthies will pass the word in such a case. In all this the English Reformation was Protestant, of the left wing of Protestantism; whilst in regimen it was that of the right wing—German, Swedish, Danish, Elizabeth herself being, let people put it as they like, what in that right wing was called "summus episcopus"—"the supreme authority in religion."

When we talk of "the Reformation," then, in reference to England, it is this concrete thing, "the Elizabethan Church," that is in question. That in the fifteenth or early sixteenth century this was inevitable no one could assert, any more than that Gascoigne, or Pecock, or More, or the scholars at Oxford and Cambridge who introduced Greek, would have had any sympathy whatever with it. If for "*the* Reformation" there is substituted "*a* Reformation" Mr. Hutton may not be far wrong. Dr. Gairdner has written:

> If it be said that some reformation must have come quite apart from Henry VIII's divorce, that is a proposition that I am in no way concerned to dispute.

It is no new thing that there should be in the Church need of "reform," and we have no hesitation in saying that one of the greatest calamities that ever befell the Church was the failure of the persistent efforts of "reform in head and members" in the beginning of the fifteenth century. To quote Dr. Gairdner again:

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> There were, indeed, reformations in the Church of Rome itself before what we call *the* Reformation, and there might conceivably have been another.

As regards what Mr. Hutton says about the existence of "the strong popular feeling against Rome," here again generalities are misleading. If Tyndale, and later the official preachers, be taken as truly voicing English popular feeling, the case cannot be doubtful. If the tone of the general literature and the new evidence supplied by the state papers for, say, 1530 to 1540, is to be credited, it is impossible to maintain that the breach with Rome was "popular"—that is, that it was desired by "the people" at large, or indeed by any considerable number who had not a personal motive—who did not, in fact, view it as a way leading to prospective personal gains. That there was "any real hostility toward the Catholic Church among the great mass of the people" in England in the sixteenth century, certainly does not appear in any available evidence. Dr. Gairdner's observation is:

> In point of fact, all the appearances are the other way. Heresy was not popular in England; and the very heretics themselves who objected to transubstantiation and purgatory never thought of protesting against the jurisdiction of the See of Rome, until the king, for his own purposes, abolished that jurisdiction altogether.

This is the deliberate judgment of Dr. Gairdner, a non-Catholic, who spent his life among the state papers of this period.

Mr. Hutton's fifth point opens out a newer and much more interesting series of considerations, and here it is important to give his points in full:

> (5) Quite another point: We must not forget or minimize the influence on our Reformation of what may be most conveniently, though not accurately, called Protestantism—I mean the distinct effect of English anti-Catholic writers; and this not merely through Cranmer and the ragged crew who tried to man the ship under Edward VI, but through the writings of Wyclif, and of those who had arrived later at a distinctly Protestant position. I will give one instance. It is impossible to read the Latin works of Wyclif, which are now gradually becoming accessible, without seeing that the English Reformers must have read them. What set the Reformers on that quotation which they say comes from Saint Augustine in Article XXIX? I think without doubt Wyclif's treatise, De Eucharistia, where he quotes the same passage to the same purpose. Where did the Black Rubric come from? It bears a striking resemblance to a passage in the same book.

It will be necessary to say a word or two on these two points of detail. But, first, what are we to think about the general question? Were Wyclif's works a source of doctrine, in regard to the Eucharist, to the English Reformers? Was it from him they drew the teaching they proclaimed to others? Is there any prima facie evidence that this was so? The view is novel. If it is true, it is historically important. If it is not true, it can have no value for the history of this period. The main question, however, is, were the early English Reformers, and still more their followers and successors, students of Wyclif, and did they derive their doctrine "de Eucharistia" from this English source? It might have been thought that recent research had made two points pretty clear: (1) that the leaders of the Hussite and other movements, with which the beginning of foreign Protestantism can be brought into undoubted connection, were much more profoundly influenced by Wyclif's teachings than had previously been supposed; and (2) that in England, to use the words of Dr. James Gairdner:

> So far from Lollardy having taken any deep root, the traces of it had wholly disappeared long before the great revolution of which it is thought to be the forerunner.

In other words, it would seem to be certain that the intellectual and spiritual heirs of Wyclif are to be sought for abroad, not at home; and that the influence of his teaching (De Eucharistia, for instance) is distinctly traceable among the early foreign Reformers. But as regards England, in the light of ascertainable facts, the theory put forward by Mr. Hutton would appear baseless. If it were true, it would have been possible to find some trace of such influence in the writings or doings of the early Reformers during the heyday of "Cranmer and the ragged crew," as Mr. Hutton calls the first English Protestants; and, later, during the Elizabethan settlement. Of Wyclif's works we have practically nothing. A print of the Wyclif at Nuremberg in 1546, another by Foxe at Strasburg in 1534; and, in England itself, the Prologue of the Bible in Henry's reign (if indeed the Prologue be by Wyclif at all) and nothing else, is all that we find in the way of influences.*

The fact is that the lines upon which the English Reformation was conceived, and the influences which carried it forward, were, in the main, foreign; and it is difficult to see how anyone not moved by controversial exigencies can possibly, in view of the patent facts of history, come to any other conclusions. This is true absolutely in regard to the Eucharistic doctrine

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* *The fact is, the source of the Wyclif cult is in Foxe; and Mr. Hutton need not take long in satisfying himself what figure Wyclif cuts as a doctor "de Eucharistia" in that lengthy story of his life, doctrine, and influence. Another book that may be consulted in this matter is the General Index of the publications of the Parker Society, where are easily found the names of Calvin, Bucer, Bullinger, Peter Martyr. And it will be seen that while these names occupy, each of them, several columns, Wyclif has only three-quarters of a column. Those who will read (not surmise about) the works published by the Parker Society, which form the monuments and records of the English Reformation, will see that this represents fairly enough the measure of the "influence" exercised over the English religious movements of the sixteenth century by the foreign Reformers and the great "English anti-Catholic writers," Wyclif or the others.*

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of the English established religion. It is to works of the German and Swiss Reformers that the student of history must look if he would understand the full meaning of the movement and rightly gauge its spirit.

It is somewhat difficult for an outsider to understand why, in certain schools of thought, so much objection is now raised to the authority of names which in the early days of the English Reformation were unquestionably looked upon as those of the apostles and prophets of the new religious renaissance. There can be no sort of doubt that the beginnings, at least, of the actual religious changes in England are to be attributed to the introduction of Lutheran principles and ideals from abroad; and that for a long time both English churchmen and laymen, so far from manifesting any sympathy with this foreign importation, did all in their power to prevent what they held to be these false and poisonous teachings from taking root in England. The works of Sir Thomas More alone show that the English authorities regarded the spread of Lutheranism as nothing less than a catastrophe. To them it was a "Lutheran invasion" against which it was the manifest duty of all those in power and office to defend their country.

Whatever may have been the prevailing views of responsible statesmen and ecclesiastics as to the desirability of "reform" in its general sense, nothing is more certain than that, up to the very eve of the religious changes, the common sense of Englishmen would have indignantly repudiated any leaning to the principles of "*the* Reformation" which subsequently obtained. The most that can be said is that Cranmer, with that peculiar subtlety of his when shades of doctrine are concerned, and Cromwell, with his statecraft, did the best they could to effect a Lutheran lodgment in Catholic England, and that they were seconded by the efforts of one or two men like Bishop Foxe of Hereford and Dr. Barnes. These efforts ended, however, only in defeat; and in the case of two at least of the chief actors, in death.

THE GOAL OF WYNDHAM LEWIS

By ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES

CERTAIN reservations must be made at the outset in one's admiration of Wyndham Lewis. His "manners" are consistently bad. He seems to be in a perpetual ill temper. The amenities of literature, precarious product of a more urbane age than that of Francis Jeffrey or Christopher North, find no tender responsive chord in his bosom. He fights not only with buttonless foils but at times with Laertes's venomed rapier. He jeers and sneers; his laughter is full of scorn; even his embrace is malicious. He is distinctly out of tune with the whole world and ferules the best of his contemporaries as if they were rebellious school-boys.

The extent to which Mr. Lewis indulges this penchant for chastisement is certainly regrettable. When so many stones are in the air the temptation becomes almost irresistible to hurl a few in his own direction to see if his house, too, has not, like every other, its portions of glass. Mr. Lewis wrongs himself by laying himself open to such a personal attack; his ideas are really far too valuable not to be discussed dispassionately. As for his general disharmony with the modern world, is the modern world so tuneful that one must necessarily sing in the same key with it? It is not because Mr. Lewis prefers other music to jazz that he is to be criticized, but because his own music is still so far from beautiful. And it is, I believe, the consciousness of this that lies partly at the root of Mr. Lewis's exaggerated irascibility. In every line that he has written there is evidence of a nature peculiarly sensitive to the ideal of order, a nature actually tortured by the disorder of the modern world, but tortured also by its helplessness to effect a change, and tortured, perhaps above all, by a certain disorder and waywardness in its own thinking. Mr. Lewis's rage against his own period is accentuated and harshened by the fact that the period has treacherously assaulted him from within, breeding an inner confusion correspondent with the outer. Born to set the crooked straight, he must first straighten himself. This task he has now been engaged upon for many years and the end is not yet. There is no other contemporary writer whose future development is so much worth watching, because there is no other who has reached so definite a stage of thinking which is yet pregnant of further and different thinking still to be.

As a social critic, Mr. Lewis traces the manifold evils of the age to an exclusive emphasis upon the temporal such as has never been seen in history before. True, the Greeks, "creatures of a day," as they called themselves, lived in the present with even less regard for past or future, but it was a present ennobled by the oversight of the eternal gods; and behind the Greeks even the most primitive peoples known to us lived in an atmosphere of timeless, however foolish, fetish and tabu. But in current thinking the temporal is glorified as all that there is; eternal beings, standards and ideas are denied; even God in this philosophy becomes temporal, a creature of his own universe and subject to development rather than an eternal creator. Connected with the ramifications of this time-philosophy, as Mr. Lewis shows, are the haste and sensationalism of the present day, its blatant self-advertising, its cult of the primitive and of the child, its eulogizing of action, its irrationalism and confusion. The father of this philosophy of flux Mr. Lewis believes to be M.

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Bergson, whose spiritual children he recognizes in Spengler, Croce and Gentile, William James, Whitehead, Alexander, Bertrand Russell and many more. Minor caveats might be entered against this grouping: Bergson is an intuitionalist while most of the others are intellectualists; Whitehead, with his creative deity and "eternal objects" stands somewhat apart from the rest; countless more or less important distinctions separate all the various philosophers of whom Mr. Lewis treats. But on the main issue he is clearly correct that each of them, with the exception of Whitehead—and Russell in his earlier phase—regards reality as being throughout temporal and "evolutionary" in character. Nor can it be denied that he is eminently successful in tying up this temporal philosophy with the worst features of our period. Mr. Lewis's Time and Western Man, in which this work is done, will unquestionably remain as an outstanding criticism of the epoch.

But when all this has been granted, and emphasized as it deserves to be—nay, the more that it is granted and emphasized—the more inevitable becomes a further demand upon Mr. Lewis. "The temporal is insufficient, you say. Show us then the eternal!" Just here the discussion becomes of peculiar interest to Catholic readers. For not a syllable of the answer to this demand can be uttered without pointing back in some way toward the philosophy of Saint Thomas and the Greeks. This Mr. Lewis well understands. In the chapter of Time and Western Man which is entitled God as Reality, he makes a definite statement of the affiliation of his views with those of scholasticism. "Constantly in our criticism," he writes, "we march with the 'Thomist.' " And in opposition to the purely emotional religion advocated by William James he writes:

> How much cleaner, and in the end more efficacious, is the method of the Catholic, the inventions of reason rather than the irresponsible and lonely gushings of "intuitive" heat. About the wish to seize and mingle with the supreme Reality in a passionate attack there is something lunatic and egoistic. To maintain this supreme Divinity in isolation from our imperfection, instead of exacting jealously its democratic descent to where we are, to approach it only circuitously and with a measured step, at the risk of appearing unfervid, is, it would seem, to the human reason and to human taste, the better way.

And again, he writes on the same theme:

> Men are degrading what should be their God by returning to those elementary conditions in search, at one and the same time, of Sensation and Deity. . . . The human imagination, even, is too carnal for that high Object. The reason alone seems to satisfy the requirements of the highest possible human Deity.

True it is that Mr. Lewis does not always remain at this level of thinking; in fact, on the very next page he reverts from the rational to the imaginative level, and a little later wanders away temporarily into a semi-idealistic scepticism. Yet on the whole his attitude toward scholasticism and Catholicism is that indicated in this final quotation:

> We are now considering only the position taken up by contemporary Thomistic philosophers within the Catholic Church, in their dispute with the anti-intellectualist tendencies of the present time, and behind that a well-defined background of classical rationalism, which has been the most valuable contribution of the Church to intellectual life. With that position we are in sympathy here. That characteristic traditional health of the Catholic mind is an island in the midst of our "decadence" and "decline," whose airs it is invigorating sometimes to breathe. . . . We should support the Catholic Church perhaps more than any other visible institution: but we should make a new world of reason for ourselves, more elastic than the Roman cult is in a position to supply, and employing all the resources of the new world to build with. Outside we can actually assist that Church more than we could within it, if we were, otherwise, inclined to such a communion.

Mr. Lewis is a philosopher who is at heart concerned to prove the reality of the three traditional objects of philosophical thought, the world, the soul, and God. Like the scholastics, he takes his stand upon the existence of the outer world as in some way given to us, like them he declines to submerge the individual soul in any Absolute, and like them he conceives of a rational God. But he is prejudiced against any closer intimacy with mediaeval scholasticism because of the usual misconception of its relation to authority, betraying his ignorance of the period by a reference to its "tyrannic orthodoxy." This is an error which further study is almost certain to correct.

More serious is the legacy of philosophic idealism in Mr. Lewis's outlook—for like nearly all non-Catholic philosophers Mr. Lewis has been deeply influenced by modern idealism. Even in his revolt against subjectivism, the subjectivist attitude is often apparent. Up to the present it has been sufficiently strong to prevent his obtaining any consistent constructive basis. But the winds of thought, in Mr. Lewis's case, are now blowing sharply away from idealism. Sooner or later he must realize that the first parent of the contemporary time-philosophy was not Bergson but Hegel, and that idealism is only the philosophic expression of the romanticism which he himself so much despises. The goal set by the terms of his thinking is already very clearly implied—scholasticism in philosophy, Catholicism in religion.

For a Happy Poet

If from this windy height your flags must wave,
  Muffle the trumpets; hold his peace in trust.
And lay your laurels lightly on this grave
  Lest they should overweigh the singing dust.

He was a poet, born to sing and brood,
  To shun instinctively the rifts and flaws;
And now your noisy fame cannot intrude:
  He keeps his dream, untarnished by applause.

ADA ALDEN.

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THE LITTLE GUY

By JAMES HOPPER

WALKING up the Avenue, Cummings was resolutely enjoying the day. The sun was bright after several weeks of brown rains; the swirling throngs were colored and gay: every now and then, Cummings remembered to give spring to his step. He squared his sagging shoulders; he ran his fingers down the buttons of his coat, and said, "Gee, this is a fine day!"

But his fibres would not tighten; a huge looseness was in the depths of him. He was out of work; for three months he had been without a job. At first he had sought hard, reading the ads, haunting the agencies, tramping from office to office. Then—what had happened? He could not quite recall. There had come a morning when, instead of getting up early he had lain long in bed. The following morning he had lain still longer. And swiftly the thing had become a habit; he had sunk into an abyss of loose sloth. He got up late nearly every day now; he passed the time in aimless wanderings, long sessions on park benches, relaxed, flaccid, his mind torpid, his senses neutral.

"Gee, but this is a fine day," he said as he walked up the glittering Avenue.

An eddy in the traffic turned him in; he stopped and he found himself gazing through a plate-glass window. After a moment he realized that it was not at the well-dressed manikins he was looking; it was at himself.

He threw himself from there quickly, but it was too late. He had seen. As he walked now the beat of his step became a refrain. "Down and out, down and out," went the beat.

It was at Fifty-ninth Street that he met Bowman. He had stopped on the curb, undecided whether to go on or to cut back, when he heard Bowman's voice. "Why, hello, Cummings."

At first he did not remember Bowman; Bowman had to give his name. Then he remembered. Two years ago, for a time, they had taken breakfast in the same coffee-house nearly every morning. They would sit at the same table. An extravagant sense of comradeship now suddenly warmed Cummings.

They stood uncertain, bobbing in the stiff flood of traffic. "Which way are you walking?" Cummings said.

Standing on the edge of the curb, Bowman stretched his neck, looked northward, looked southward. "Any way," he said. "Down," he said. And then, "Or up."

Something in Cummings gave a little secret jump. "He's like me," he thought. "He's in the same fix I am. Sure he is!"

"Let's go on up the Avenue," he said.

They crossed Fifty-ninth and went on up the Avenue. They were now out of the canyon of buildings; across the street, to their left, was the wide opening of the park, and they were in a downpour of white sunlight. They walked side by side like Sunday strollers, but with chins ahead, each a bit afraid of what he might discover in the other.

"Let me see," said Cummings slyly after a while. "You tutor, don't you?"

"Used to," said Bowman.

"Looking—for a new one?" said Cummings.

They went several steps before there was an answer. "Haven't been looking much lately," said Bowman.

Then, with a sudden fierceness, "God, the woods are full of teachers!"

After a while Cummings said, again slyly, "Let me see; you are married, aren't you?"

"Y-yes," said Bowman. "She's out in the country. Taking care of some children out there," he added.

"That's the way he drags along," thought Cummings. "Sure. That's the way he does it," he thought, half in bitterness, half in triumph.

They were walking closer, now, somehow. Every now and then, their elbows touched. "Often walk along here?" Cummings asked.

"Walk?" Bowman cried. "Do nothing but. Walk and walk."

But he was slowing up. They stopped on the curb and he looked across the Avenue at a place where the low wall of the park was cut in a narrow gate.

"Over inside there, a little ways," he said, "there's a little hill. You can sit on the top—there's grass. You get lots of sun up there, and air. I go sit there often. I think I'll go sit there now."

"Good idea," said Cummings, feeling forsaken.

"Want to come along? And sit there awhile?"

"Sure!" said Cummings.

They crossed the street and entered the park. The grass was green on both sides of the brown stone walk, and to the right was a little rocky hill. They climbed half way up to a crevice where there was grass. Bowman unrolled the newspaper he was carrying. "Want ads," thought Cummings. Bowman laid a sheet down for himself, another for Cummings, and the two sat down side by side.

The sunlight was gracious here, and the breezes cool and soft; they took off their hats, and let the breeze blow through their hair.

"At first," said Bowman, "I looked hard. Now—what's the use!"

"Me too," said Cummings. "That's the way with me."

They sat there, trying to enjoy the sun and the breeze and the beautiful greenness. They sat close, they almost touched. There was a little meadow at the foot of the rocky knob on which they sat, and down there boys were playing ball. They were urchins

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of Manhattan, used to making the most of narrow out-of-doors. There were two nines; it was a match game. But one of the nines had several big boys on it, while the other seemed all made up of small boys. Little by little the two men became absorbed in the game.

"Say," said Cummings after a while, "he's always in the hole, isn't he, the little guy!"

Bowman chuckled. "The pitcher, you mean? The little fellow? Yea, he's always in the hole!"

They were speaking of the pitcher of the smaller nine. His team mates were smaller than their opponents, and he was smaller than his team mates. But he pitched most seriously, his red cap pulled down with a professional air.

"He's got a pretty good curve, too," said Cummings.

"Yes. A *good* curve."

"And good control."

"Yes, *good* control."

"But he's too small! No more than boot high. He hasn't the speed! Those big boys lambast him."

"It keeps him in the hole," said Bowman. "Nearly all the time in the hole."

The small pitcher was being hit hard. He would get out of one difficulty only to fall into another. In spite of his scrambling activity and that of his team mates, he seemed on the verge of disaster every moment.

"He chews," said Cummings, "just like a pro!"

"Gum!" said Bowman. "Makes it look like tobacco!"

Another inning came around. "There he goes," Cummings complained. "Again in the hole!"

Bowman shook his head worriedly. "Sure is," he agreed.

Two of the big boys were on bases, with one out. And trying to get the batter to bite at his round curve, the small pitcher had given him successively three balls.

"Three balls!" Cummings shook his head. "Sure in a hole now."

But the little pitcher, after considering the batter a long moment, suddenly let fly a straight one, close in and a little high. There was a crash, a flash of white, and the little pitcher rose from a long side dive with the ball in his hand. Promptly he threw to first, doubling up the runner there.

"Pitched himself out of it!" Cummings cried.

"Sure pitched himself out of it!" Bowman agreed.

In spite of their natural advantage the bigger boys were not succeeding in getting a long lead. The small pitcher was active as a little devil. Every inning he was in a fix; every inning he squirmed out. The score see-sawed, first one side ahead, then the other, the little boys on the edge of disaster all of the time and just getting out.

"His name is Spud," Bowman said. He had been listening to the sharp cries which were splitting the clear air like swallows in flight.

"Yes," said Cummings. "That's his name."

As though he had been able to hear them down there, the small pitcher swung around in the box and looked up at them. They saw his turned-up nose, his little serious and Tartar-like face. What did he see in the two derelicts up there? The boy threw up his gloved hand and the two waved back at him.

When the last inning came, final catastrophe seemed at hand. The big boys' heavy hitting coupled up with some luck. Spud's small comrades, under the pressure, cracked a bit. When the smoke of that big inning had cleared, the small boys were three runs behind. They came up for their last chance with the bat, and the first went out and the second went out. Two out, and three runs behind! "Curtains!" said Cummings.

"It's curtains," said Bowman.

Chance veered for an instant. A small boy got his base on balls. The next one bunted and advanced him to second and himself made first. The big boys' right fielder dropped a fly, and there were three on bases.

"It's him coming to the bat!" said Cummings, excited.

"It's the little guy," said Bowman.

Spud came to the bat with three on, and swinging tremendously, promptly whiffed twice.

"There he goes," said Cummings desolately. "In the hole again!"

"Sure in the hole," agreed Bowman.

"Two strikes and no ball!"

"In the hole again."

The pitcher, after due consideration, abruptly let fly a fast ball. Spud punched short and hard and hit the ball squarely.

It was up in the air, now, the ball, away up in the air. A fielder was running beneath. Cummings and Bowman watched with mouths open. The field was small, bounded with rock. The ball began to drop; the fielder was running along the grass. Suddenly he stopped; he had reached the rock, at the foot of the hill, below the two watchers. Then the ball fell, just beyond the tip of his cramped fingers. It lit upon the rock at the base of the hill, it gave a prodigious bound and landed in a crevice half way up.

Down below the small runners were circling; Spud was following leisurely, pounding hard each base as it came.

"Batted himself out of the hole!" Cummings cried.

"Won his game!"

"That little guy!"

"That little guy!"

The game was over. Picking up hats and coats, the boys were leaving. Cummings and Bowman got up. The tie which had held them seemed suddenly dissolved; each seemed in haste to go, and without the other. At the gate they parted, one going south, one going north; they walked swiftly as if toward an appointment.

On a Sunday about three weeks later, Cummings was walking up the Avenue. It was again a fine day, but he was not saying, "Gee, this is a fine day; gee, this is a fine day." He did not need to; the beauty of the day

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was sliding easily into those depths within the flesh where content is brewed. At Forty-ninth Street he stopped before a show window, and contemplated rather long his reflection there. His hand rose; it looked as though for a moment he had come near saluting himself.

He crossed Fifty-ninth and went on up the Avenue. After a while he stopped, hesitant, on the curb, looking across to where, in the low wall, a small gate opened into the park. He crossed over and went in.

The grass was still green on both sides of the brown walk. To the right was a small rocky hill. Cummings climbed it.

"Hello!" he said, surprised. "You here?"

"Hello, Cummings!" said Bowman.

He slid out from under him half the paper upon which he was sitting (it was the comic section) and passed it to Cummings. Cummings sat down.

It was a fine day. The breeze was cool but the sun was warm; you could hear the trees rustle. Cummings observed Bowman out of the corner of his eye. His heart gave a little jump. "He's like me," he thought with certitude. "He's got one." He knew the signs; he had just seen them in a store window.

"Still coming here, eh?" he said.

"On Sundays," said Bowman. "I work week days."

"Me too," said Cummings. "Selling things. It takes me outside a lot. It's a good job—I'm going to get a raise soon."

They sat side by side; now and then their elbows touched. After a while the meadow at their feet began to fill with boys about to play ball.

"There's the little guy!" said Bowman suddenly.

"Yes!" said Cummings. "There he is, with the red cap!"

The game established itself down below. Spud took his place in the box.

"Always playing with bigger fellows," said Cummings.

"Yea-ah. Fellows bigger than he is."

"Always getting into a hole!"

"Yea-ah. And pitching himself out of it."

They watched Spud winding up. "That little guy," they both drawled.

Black Mammy

She waited at the station for a train
Nor cared the day was grey, that slashing rain
Upon the windows drowned her song. She knew
That he would hear despite the rain's tattoo.
She sang and tapped the rhythm with her hand:
"I wish I had a-died in Egypt Land."

The station agent spoke to her. "Let's see,
You do the Charleston to that melody."
And, though she smiled, she did not break the flow
Of song that eased the swift tide of her woe,
And singing, kept the rhythm with her hand. . .
"I wish I had a-died in Egypt Land."

WHITELAW SAUNDERS.

IBSEN'S MEDIAEVALISM

By G. K. CHESTERTON

THE salutation of Ibsen, like most things that begin by being merely unconventional, may end by being merely conventional. Many critics in such a case are content with the fact that a quarrel is over, without troubling about who in the quarrel was right. That sort of final acceptance is as shallow as any first refusal. The final appreciation, as distinct from acceptance, is not yet; and will need critics who see the nineteenth century in a longer perspective. But already one curiosity of comparison begins to emerge. Ibsen, like Bernard Shaw, who appeared first as his interpreter, belongs to a certain group which it is a delicate point to define. To call them the great provincials may be mistaken for offensive patronage; but surely all will agree that it is less offensive to call men provincial than to call them Nordic. God forbid that we should say that Ibsen was Nordic; but it was not an accident that he was Norwegian. The point about the group is this: that they were men thinking for themselves, but largely cut off from the old thought of the world; by an accidental barrier of recent revolts and negations in the North. A Catholic naturally feels this especially in their exile from Catholicism; but it is true of much else, as generally of classicism. It meant an under-estimate of Aristotle as well as of Aquinas. It knew too little of the vine and olive as well as of the bread and wine. It was not rebelling against these ancient things, but entirely against the modern things that had been built to block them out; the Victorian comfort and convention. And these nobler barbarians, remote from Rome, were sometimes so ignorant that they did not know when they were Roman—or when they were right.

When popular tradition resists by instinct some crude or questionable novelty, it has a curious way of giving the wrong reason even for doing the right thing. When the Victorian Philistine first grumbled at Ibsen, he always had the tone of saying, "Oh, I daresay all this dismal pessimism may be very deep and philosophical; but I don't go to the theatre for philosophy; I like a play to be a play, and have a plot, and be about ordinary jolly people." Now in fact that criticism allows far too much to Ibsen, while it also grants him too little. The solid merits by which Ibsen really won his way were, first, that he had a highly original but a highly practical and effective stage-craft; and sense of a play as a play. And, second, that he really was interested in real human beings; and in the curious clashes and deadlocks that do really happen in parlors and dining-rooms. His philosophy, as philosophy, was generally extremely poor. His thinking about abstract things was often strangely thin and shallow. It was he, I think, who coined the phrase: "How do we know that two and two do not make five in the fixed stars?" to which the obvious answer is: "At least as well as we know there are any fixed stars." The very distinction between fixed and unfixed stars is only established by

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pages of mathematics; or, in other words, by assuming about two thousand times over that two and two do not make five. That there is a mental limit in man, at which mathematics also become mysteries, is quite true; but it has nothing to do with a vulgar test of locality; and the riddle is not found in the Pleiades at a certain distance from the earth, any more than it is in the earth at a certain distance from the Pleiades. It is as if a man were to say, "I have never been in Upper Norwood; so existence and non-existence may be the same in that suburb." If we were to attempt to state Ibsen in mere terms of thought, especially of what is called free thought, we should find ourselves dealing with a great deal of this very thoughtless thought. It is not even pessimism; it is rather that sort of bewildered optimism which is so often left in vague minds by the frustration of an impossible freedom. When the soul has wandered among all the wandering stars, without finding one of them in which four is the same as five, it can only come home again with a dazed expression; and that is often the end of Ibsen, considered as a thinker. But there is a great deal more to be said about Ibsen considered as a creator. The moment he is content to be a craftsman, and express himself through the images of his craft, he expresses living truths too great to be defined by the craftsman, let alone critic. Pessimism is nonsense; but the sullen energy of Borkman is not nonsense. Optimism is nonsense; but the innocent violence of the Enemy of the People is not nonsense. Hedda Gabler is a very unpleasant person; but, to do her justice, she is not an "ism." In other words, she is not a heresy; an infectious disease of the intellect. Ibsen's work had certain elements of imaginative truth, which overcame all the intellectual falsehood implied in being "modern." And when he thus trusted his imagination, it is curious to note how near he was to much older things than the nineteenth century. He was really in revolt against the nineteenth century; just as his doctor was in revolt against its "compact liberal majority."

Thus, the Master Builder is as mediaeval as his name. He is all the more mediaeval for not knowing it. For the chief charm of mediaeval people was that they never thought about being mediaeval. It is the chief inferiority of modern people that they do think about being modern. But not only does his very title imply the old conception of a craft, the real moral of the tragedy is the noble conception of the responsibility of the craftsman. It really is the great modern immorality that builders cannot climb their own towers; that men do not see the end of their own work; that an indirect and servile complexity has excused the shopkeeper from living over his shop or the captain from going down in his ship. Men make machines larger than they can control, as Ibsen's hero made a tower higher than he could climb. Men grow dizzy with their own civilization, as he grew giddy on his own spire. Probably Ibsen would have defined it very imperfectly as an idea; he made it immortal as an image.

THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

Volpone

ONCE more the Theatre Guild has proved itself to be one most resourceful theatrical organizations in this country. Its production of a modern adaptation of Ben Jonson's bawdy comedy, Volpone, is one of the most effective things of its kind attempted in recent years. I am speaking now of the subtle, delightfully varied and competent acting, of the swift and rhythmic direction of Philip Moeller, of the finely attuned settings and costumes by Lee Simonson, and of the unity of mood and intention pervading the whole production. As to the Elizabethan vulgarity of the comedy itself, the spirit of which has been all too carefully preserved in the German adaptation and in its re-translation into English—that is at least a subject for separate discussion.

Volpone is, of course, an angrily satiric (or, as the Guild calls it, sardonic) thrust at the human lust for gold. The author compares his various characters to such delectable creatures as the fox (Volpone) the gadfly (Mosca) the vulture, the crow, the raven, the lion, etc. Volpone, not satisfied with the huge volume of gold and treasure he has amassed, decides to feign illness so that his servant, Mosca, can play on the avarice of various relatives and persuade them to bring Volpone more gold and more presents in the hope of becoming his sole heirs. The competition to flatter and placate the supposedly dying Volpone reaches such a point that one man offers him his wife. To crown this whole scheme, Volpone at last decides to feign death itself, so that he can have the delicious pleasure of listening to the fury of his friends when they discover that Volpone has cut them off penniless and left everything to Mosca. In their eagerness to hear the will read, the friends all swear to the death of Volpone. They have their scene of disillusionment exactly as the old fox planned. But at this point Volpone discovers that he is now legally dead, has no more right or title to his own property, and that Mosca has fallen into possession of the entire fortune. It is Mosca who brings down the last curtain by seizing upon the hoarded treasure and flinging it right and left to the four corners of a greedy earth. In the course of the action, we are led back and forth from Volpone's bedroom to the houses of the Crow and the Raven, and finally to the audience-chamber of the Senate, where the Judge is called upon to straighten out the tangles resulting from Volpone's effort to obtain the wife of the Crow. To keep the irony of the piece, the decision of the court, based on much purchased and false testimony, exonerates Volpone as an honorable man. It is this last puff from the winds of injustice that spurs Volpone to his ultimate doom.

Now, the Theatre Guild has taken Stefan Zweig's adaptation of the original and brought all these meandering threads into a compact and merciless farce. Dudley Digges as Volpone, Alfred Lunt as Mosca, Ernest Cossart, Henry Travers and Philip Leigh as the Crow, the Raven and the Vulture, respectively, make an incomparable quintet in the clarity, precision and drollness of their characterizations. McKay Morris as the Captain of the Fleet, surnamed the Lion, is the only member of the cast whose blundering diction and overacting seemed out of the general perspective. Margalo Gillmore is perhaps not entirely at home in the somewhat stylized type of acting required, but Helen Westley as Canina quite surpassed herself in a characterization utterly different from anything she has been seen in for many years.

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A play of this sort gives a truer perspective on the resource of actors than almost any other. Many actors can walk through the scenes of a modern play, or, even more, create a general illusion of emotional feeling, without revealing the fact that their technical equipment is really very meagre. Stylized comedy puts them to the real test and it is a great credit to those responsible for the acting of the company of the Theatre Guild that so many of this company emerge in the present piece brilliantly and with new laurels.

One of the critics of the daily press made a remark to the effect that some of the scenes and lines in Volpone made the indelicacies of The Command to Love seem pale and innocuous. This is just the kind of muddled thinking that confuses the whole issue of censorship and of decent and indecent plays. I have no intention of defending the brash vulgarities of Volpone, but I do think it is high time to make a sharp distinction between the downright bawdiness of this Elizabethan comedy and the sneaky, double-meaning and carefully tinselled innuendos in certain sophisticated modern comedies of which The Command to Love is, of course, a good example. Volpone himself is held up to scorn throughout the entire play. The Crow, who offers his wife to Volpone, is frankly a loathsome character. The wife herself knows nothing of the intrigue and is no party to it. Canina, the courtesan, is held up as one more glowing example of avarice. In other words, with all its frankness of speech and crudity of situation, the play does start out with the view that there is such a thing as a right and a wrong, such a thing as decency and indecency. Now compare this with the modern sophisticated comedy. In most of these hypocritical efforts, all the intrigue and covert vice is exhibited as the supposedly harmless and amusing by-play of charming and sophisticated people. There is seldom even an implied recognition of a right and a wrong. The underlying philosophy is nothing more than "whatever you do is right, so long as you can get away with it." I know of no clearer illustration of the muddle-headedness of modern thinking than this attempt to put Volpone and plays like The Command to Love in the same category. (At the Guild Theatre.)

The Outsider

IT IS just about four years since Dorothy Brandon's play, The Outsider, was first produced in New York with Lionel Atwill and Katherine Cornell heading the cast. On that occasion the play only terminated a successful run on account of a violent disagreement between the Managers' Protective Association and the Actors' Equity Association. Mr. Atwill is therefore quite justified in speaking of a new presentation of this play as a renewal rather than a revival.

The Outsider, it may be recalled, is a play which deals with the attitude of the Royal College of Surgeons toward an expert instrument-maker who, through his irregular studies of joint diseases, has invented a rack which has cured of lameness many people whom doctors had previously given up as hopeless cases. Anton Ragatzy rather complicates his own case by immeasurable conceit and bumptiousness. He is not content for a minute to work always as a subordinate under the direction of an authorized physician. He demands from the College of Surgeons an honorary degree which will allow him to practise on his own account. And when this is scornfully refused, he tells the medical committee exactly what he thinks of them and sets a plan at work to get the lame daughter of the senior surgeon of the College as his patient. By sheer effrontery he succeeds. And the rest of the play is devoted to the developing love story of Ragatzy and Lalage Sturdee, with the audience held completely in suspense as to whether Ragatzy will cure her or leave her a worse cripple than ever. The last few minutes of the last act mount to a high point of theatrical intensity.

Of course Mr. Atwill quite revels in playing a character like Anton Ragatzy. It gives him free rein to elaborate all over the stage, to be both the picturesque charlatan and the temporarily thwarted lover. On the whole he does a very good job, with a few pardonable exaggerations. But perhaps the best feature of this new presentation is the acting of Isobel Elsom in the part originally played by Katherine Cornell. My impression is that Miss Elsom makes Lalage more human and rather more pathetic in her yearning for physical freedom than Miss Cornell. Miss Elsom, by the way, is the one who created the part in the London production of the play. On the whole, we are fortunate in having this glimpse of her to counteract the unfortunate impression of her struggles to make an impossible part in The Behavior of Mrs. Crane seem real. Miss Fernanda Eliscu repeats her very poignant and excellent performance of a poor cripple whom Ragatzy has cured, and in the small part of a very prim and exacting maid Miss Jessamine Newcomb makes an astonishingly clear impression. In many ways The Outsider is an uncommonly good play and deserves a renewal of the success it started to achieve four years ago. (At the Ambassador Theatre.)

The Beggar's Opera

THE BEGGAR'S OPERA, which ran for two years in London, was allowed by the New York public to die in nearly as many weeks when it was brought over here a few seasons ago. Our public failed to respond to an admirable presentation of the only musical work of any enduring merit written in English between the times of Purcell and those of Gilbert and Sullivan. For Gay's libretto is, of its kind, a masterpiece, and the old airs are filled with a charm and grace which bring back with peculiar poignancy the flavor of the eighteenth century. Though there is in the work not a single figure which might be described, in Victorian parlance, as "elevating," and though the songs have a Rabelaisian frankness, the artificial spirit of the opera robs it of offense. Despite its gutter quality it has a gusto and a basic animal health which some of our naturalistic writers of today would do well to ponder on. Whatever else it is, it is not decadent.

The present revival is, in general, capitally done. The MacHeath of George Baker is particularly admirable both in song and action. Mr. Baker has a voice and is a master of diction, which latter virtue is, however, less evident in the other members of the cast. Sylvia Nelis's Polly is exquisitely in character, despite the frail quality of her voice, and Celia Turrill's Lucy Lockit has fire and a voice to express it. Excellent dramatically and vocally are the Peachum of Charles Magrath and the Lockit of Norman Williams, and the smaller parts are done with capital gusto. It is sincerely to be hoped that this time New York will realize what good fun The Beggar's Opera is. It is the expression of a time when the heart was not over-soft, but withal in its own way an honest time. Vice may have been a theme for laughter, but at least it was not labeled virtue. In life there may have been little sentiment, but there was a lot of honest thinking, and if its expression was often cruel, it certainly was not muddled. In those days hypocrisy was quite frankly hypocrisy, and did not plume itself as superiority. And so to us, at least, The Beggar's Opera may point a moral. (At the Forty-eighth Street Theatre.)

GRENVILLE VERNON.

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POEMS

O Lapidary

Pierce the yellow gold
And filigree the fair
White silver; yet you are
But writing on the air.
Carve in intaglio
Upon the amethyst;
Facet the crystal—now
You shape a house of mist.

O lapidary, hang
Your head, and spurn thin fame.
For were you twice as deft
You would be brought to shame
By the first root to raise
The rose's rubied scroll,
And the tern's amber eye,
Immortal as your soul.

MARGERY ATWOOD TODAHL.

One Mountain's Way

I might have left behind me when I came—
I might have left it in its starry gloom—
That tall, dark mountain with a lonely name,
Filling the mind like vague, ambiguous doom.
A fretful grief of mine had been a goad
Urging me out across the level lands,
To walk the dull way of a darkening road
That ended where the lonely mountain stands.

Hereafter, I shall walk another way,
And take my trouble to some field or river,
And not bring home with me, to stay and stay,
A great dark shape to fill my mind forever:
A lonely grief with bared, immoderate scars,
Lost in a sombre darkness of sad stars.

DAVID MORTON.

And So I Am Betrayed

You spoke of loneliness before I went;
You knew that I would be too proud to show it,
In which security I was content.
You did not say the mocking-bird would know it.

Longing you mentioned in a casual way—
You thought the sea and mountain-trails might bring it;
Knowing, you were too merciful to say
The mocking-bird, the mocking-bird would sing it.

Hunger and thirst and loneliness have come;
This wild, this poignant singing has unmade me;
It is not pride but longing holds me dumb.
The mocking-bird, belovèd, has betrayed me.

SISTER M. MADELEVA.

Baja California

There lies the land that no man tills,
And there among the tumbled rocks
Wander unshepherded the flocks;
The long slopes of the rose-red hills
Are flecked with horses whose lean sides
Have never felt a human knee,
And on the shores the unfished sea
Flings the white smother of its tides.

And there uncoil the sluggish snakes
Along the brows of savage cliffs,
As black and red as hippogriffs
About whose claws the rent wave breaks—
And he who, lonely, sees these things
May know his inner spirit stirred,
Feeling his heart move like a bird
Before it spreads its wings.

ELIZABETH COATSWORTH.

Youth and Age

When the enkindled heavens are bright,
Gutters the candle in the night;
And the soul trembles in the gloom,
Because his guardian angel's come
To take the homeless home.

Unkind was earth, and black and cold,
And a man wears weary, wearing old—
Why should he feel it hard to die?
Only the young contented sigh
Their last on the bosomed sky.

The young with all their passion fresh
And incandescent in the flesh,
They—and the happy agèd who
Grow young as night falls and the dew,
Grow young in God anew.

THEODORE MAYNARD.

From a Mallorca Diary

When I went over the trail among the rocks
Blue crocus flowers in pity opened their eyes;
But the amber stare of the sheep was hard and wise.
They passed me splashed with color of the red fox—
Juan's way of telling the world they belong to him—
All cinnamon-red and rust of red fox fur.
Why did the creatures make me lonelier?
They stared and passed me, climbing the canyon-rim:
And Juan had splashed the paint on their woolly tails.
I forgot the crocus flowers, I forgot the sea,
Trying to find a word that would mean to me
That color of rusty heather: of Spanish sails.

GRACE HAZARD CONKLING.

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COMMUNICATIONS

MRS. BROMLEY ON ANNULMENTS

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor:—I have read with considerable satisfaction the editorial paragraph in your issue of April 18 on the article in the April Harper's by Dorothy Dunbar Bromley. However, the editorial is mistaken in assuming that the erroneous statements in that article concerning the relation of the Catholic Church to marriage are due to a failure to consult Catholic authorities beforehand. I hasten to add that this fact does not exculpate Mrs. Bromley. Rather it intensifies her offense.

Under date of January 27, 1928, Mrs. Bromley sent me the galley proof of that portion of her article which referred to the Catholic Church, asking me to examine it and inform her whether she had committed "any errors of fact." Four days later I sent her a rather long reply in which I pointed out no less than nine inaccuracies and misstatements. Most of these she corrected before the publication of the article, but she retained the most offensive one, merely adding to it a detestable qualification. In the galley proof she had said that annulments of marriage by the Rota were comparatively rare, owing to the great cost of the procedure. In my letter to her I pointed out that this alleged cause does not exist and that the true reason for the fewness of annulments in such cases as that of the Marlboroughs and the Marconis was the great difficulty of proving the alleged facts upon which the decree of nullity was sought. In the published article she repeats the false assertion in these words: "Yet fewer marriages are nullified than might be supposed, for it is rumored that each decree by the Rota costs thousands of dollars in gratuities." Her astounding repetition of this calumny is scarcely extenuated by the insertion of the cowardly phrase: "It is rumored."

If Mrs. Bromley possessed a proper sense of her responsibility in dealing with her subject she would have made few, if any, of the mistakes which appeared in the galley proof. She had read, or at least looked at, the article on Marriage in the Catholic Encyclopedia. An intelligent perusal of this article would have prevented a conscientious person from falling into those errors. Not only her discussion of the Catholic position on marriage but several other statements in her article show that she is quite unfit to deal with subjects which involve accurate and technical knowledge—at least in the field of matrimony. In this she is typical of many writers on serious subjects in our popular magazines. They all ought to stick to fiction.

REV. JOHN A. RYAN.

CATHOLICS AND PROHIBITION

Chicago, Ill.

TO the Editor:—After reading Father Lambing's communication in The Commonweal, I am moved to give my honest opinion, especially when he says the amazing thing that "Catholics scandalize their fellow-Catholics and discredit their Church" by being conscientiously opposed to prohibition.

Catholics who favor prohibition actually scandalize me. I do not see how they can consistently do so without reflecting on the intelligence of Almighty God and on the life of Our Lord, Who blessed wine, partook of it always, and gave it as the most precious legacy to the Christian world. Common sense and history give us no reason to believe it other than a beverage which would intoxicate if used to excess. Have we any right to be impatient with our Creator because He chooses to wait until we accept individually that grace which He has promised for the asking? Certainly we have not been confirmed in glory as angels, but given choice of good or evil. If prohibitionists are sincere in desiring to cure the drink evil, why do they not acknowledge the failure which their puritanical fanaticism has brought about, and join with temperance advocates in working out a sane and practical solution by which we shall advance with less haste, confusion and tyranny toward that goal of intelligent perfection for which we have been redeemed by the body and blood of Jesus Christ?

While I may not care personally for wines or other beverages containing alcohol, I realize that, even though I submit to a legislation which I had no part in putting over, I am in duty bound to resent and work to amend a law which is in essence contrary to the divine law, and which seems to me just as futile as that effort of the builders of old to enter heaven by way of a man-made tower, resulting only in babel and confusion.

MARY F. COUGHLIN.

LOOKING INTO LIVES

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor:—There is a belief among many friends of The Commonweal that its editor has only a literary interest in American history. His attitude is probably that of the clever editor of the Catholic World who once wrote me that he was "much more interested in Ford and his 'flivver' than in Diogenes and his tub." Perhaps this is why some historical statements made in The Commonweal are open to correction.

The latest of these to fall under my observation is the following, cited from the editorial leader, Looking into Lives, which appeared in the issue of March 28:

"Longstreet falling at the head of his troops in the Battle of the Wilderness was an accident which, it may be said with some reasonableness, sealed the fate of the Confederacy."

The writer was, of course, thinking of a greater than Longstreet—"Stonewall" Jackson, who, after Chancellorsville, was mistaken in the growing darkness for a federal officer, and was shot by his own men. Longstreet lived until January 2, 1904. Incidentally his name appears on the Paulist list of prominent conversions to the Catholic faith (see Father Young's Catholic and Protestant Countries Compared, appendix).

LEO F. STOCK,
Department of History,
Catholic University of America.

SOMETHING BESIDES WEATHER

Webster Groves, Mo.

TO the Editor:—I enjoyed the article entitled Something Besides Weather in your March 28 number, immensely. The Reverend Leo Ward is indeed to be congratulated for the excellent picture of farm life. Such a sentence as this has the true Thoreau touch:

"It [i. e., the winter] had meant morning sausages and russet apples beside the fire and the sounds of cattle munching their hay and much unhurried talk about a hundred quiet things."

It is our hope that Father Ward will again appear in the bright pages of The Commonweal.

CYRIL CLEMENS.

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BOOKS WORTH READING

Full-Voiced Choirs

Le Nombre Musical Gregorien, by Dom André Mocquereau. Volume II.

"THE reason why a work of genius can seldom be loved immediately is because of the very fact that the creator is extraordinary. Among his contemporaries, few resemble him. It is his creation, the work of art itself, which must fertilize those rare minds capable of understanding it and cause them to increase and multiply. . . . Thus an artist who wants his work to take its normal course must cast it where it will find sufficient depth, in the full and far-off future." (Marcel Proust.)

The monumental work of Dom Mocquereau is a striking example of this truth. Twenty years ago the first volume appeared. It struck and rebounded against a public which was utterly unprepared for its deep and subtle teaching. But the decades slipped by, and the work itself generated a public, not numerous perhaps, but distinguished in quality, which is rapidly increasing and multiplying. The second volume will find greater depth for its roots.

The long interval is explained by Dom Mocquereau in his introduction with his usual modesty. Time was required to delve more deeply into the rhythmic truths embodied in the ancient manuscripts, to confer with critics and listen to their difficulties and objections, to submit his theories to the severe test of daily application in the monastic choir. All this is no doubt true and guarantees the maturity of the work before us. But beyond these reasons, the reader will be struck by the need of time in which the first volume could generate a mentality capable of loving the second, and today, as we open this new volume and turn its 850 pages of text, we are amazed, not at the twenty years' delay, but at the possibility of its having created its public in so short a time.

The artistic truths set forth in these two volumes are in reality a by-product. The work of Dom Mocquereau was undertaken under obedience and with the single object of elucidating the ancient music which is the voice of the Church's prayer. Dom Guéranger, the first abbot of Solesmes, found that the restoration of the Benedictine life in France involved the restoration of liturgical life in all its aspects, and among them, the chant of Saint Gregory. The editions then in use were not only incomplete but incorrect in melodic text, unscientific as to rhythm. The study of the ancient manuscripts was undertaken before the time of Dom Mocquereau, but it was he who placed this study on a thoroughly sound and scholarly basis, the results of which have been made available to students in the Paleographie Musicale, now in its fourteenth volume, and the methods used by him and the truths thus discovered having been the main factor in giving us the official edition of the chant in use today, the Vatican version, in its bare substance or accompanied by the rhythmic signs of Solesmes as an aid to correct interpretation.

These highly technical studies organized and directed by Dom Mocquereau over a period of nearly fifty years would have failed of their full object had they lacked the penetrating light of genius. For to say that Dom Mocquereau is a scholar is but a half-truth. He is an example of that rare combination of profound scholarship and flaming artistry which is given us but seldom in this imperfect world.

The certitudes of a creative artist are the fruit of an intuitive process which seems at variance with the process of science. Based on facts, indeed, the conclusion of the artist is reached, not by logic alone, but by logic reinforced by trained intuition. The certitude reached by this process is fully convincing to the artist himself. The trouble arises when he wants his discovery to reach other minds and form them. It is then that his perception must be recast, and an equivalent found which will reach the mentality lacking the sixth sense of the artist.

It is here that Le Nombre Musical has triumphed. It is one of the rare books which have translated those truths perceived instinctively by a great artist into terms which can convince the intelligent but non-intuitive reader and gradually move him toward an appreciation of high and subtle things. This was but one of the difficulties which confronted the author. Dom Mocquereau's researches led him to conclusions regarding the nature of rhythm which a lesser genius would have resisted because they were in direct opposition to the musical dogmas of the Victorian era. Dom Mocquereau, himself a musician, was undaunted by this fact. Indeed, had his discoveries and theories been submitted to the really fine musicians of the epoch, had they been passed upon by a Dubussy, a Ravel, a Respighi, or by a Paderewski, a Casals, an Ysaye, the bitter water of contradiction might have been sweetened by understanding. But his work, from its very nature, was judged, not by the great musicians of the day, but by the small fry of the musical world. It was weighed and measured by the standards of those half-educated, routine men of the choir loft whom lack of talent debarred from the concert stage, who had never lifted up their eyes to the higher things of contemporary art, much less dreamed of the art of the past or of the future. Thus this fine flower of genius was ridiculed, its author taunted. "The bee and the wasp suck the same flowers," writes Joubert, "but they do not extract the same honey." Le Nombre Musical fell among wasps. For years it was the object of stinging sarcasm from those whose notions of rhythm were bounded on the north by jazz, on the south by Gounod, on the east by Puccini and on the west by a faint outline of Haydn and Mozart in their more obvious aspects. True criticism was as rare as it was precious. When it came it was welcomed for it forced the author to dig down to bed rock in his analytical processes. To the wasps he paid no heed, and it is one of the striking features of this new volume that it never descends to the plucking of an easy victory over a mean or petty adversary, but remains throughout on a high, constructive plane. If the criticism of other schools of thought be dealt with, it is always met in the broad field of general principles, in the open light of assertions with their proof, and never in the stuffy arena of controversy.

The result is a book on rhythm which is, first of all, an authoritative guide to students on Gregorian chant. Furthermore, it is a book which will be found immensely suggestive by the general musician. The first volume contained, in germinal form, those principles which were to be unfolded fully in the second. It explained the nature of rhythm in itself, as conceived in classical times, that is to say as the art of movement independently of dynamics; rhythm, then, as it was understood and practised in mediaeval times, this part being illustrated with a wealth of example that could not fail to be conclusive to an artist worthy of the book before him. In the second volume, the detailed application of these principles to the musical setting of the Latin text reveals the nature of the Latin accent itself during the golden epoch of Gregorian chant, as a melodic and

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not a stress phenomenon. Accent and rhythm unfold before our eyes as parallel and not identical forces.

Finally the author develops with a genius all his own, the art of representation by gesture of the movement of the ancient melodies, the conductor's art, which he calls "chironomie." This part of the book will prove both useful and fascinating to the average student.

The work of Dom Mocquereau has one characteristic in common with other works which are destined to endure. His principles are transferable to the highly cultured and to the utterly simple. The teaching which offers a world of suggestion to scholars and artists has become the delight of little children. It is only to the group between these two extremes, the group which mistakes the fashion of a day for the universal standards of art, that this work will remain anathema. But in "the full and far-off future" the difficulties of this group, indeed the group itself, will no doubt appear as the shadow of a dream against the enduring monument created by the gentle and modest monk whose genius was subject to the ordered movement of his monastic life, wherein scholarship and art are gathered up in the greater rhythm of a science which leads to the one and enduring Truth.

JUSTINE WARD.

The Toll to Death

Poems of James Thomson ("B. V.") selected and edited by Gordon Hall Gerould. New York: Henry Holt and Company. $2.50.

ON THE first day of July, forty-six years ago, a haggard and unkempt man, who had spent the preceding night wandering about the streets, stumbled into the home of Philip Bourke Marston and asked if, having no roof of his own to cover his head, he might rest awhile in the studio which the blind poet shared with a brother artist of the brush. A little later, hearing a groan from the couch on which his guest had lain down, the poet moved toward the sound and found his fumbling hands covered in blood. Within a week the Furies had accomplished their grim work. One of the greatest and most magnanimous writers that English literature has given us had died in a free hospital ward and been buried by charity. No religious service was held over James Thomson's grave. Whatever light broke upon the pall of darkness that had covered his earthly pilgrimage dawned in another and more merciful world.

The life of the author of The City of Dreadful Night is possibly the most bitterly tragic even in the sorrowful annals of imaginative literature. Evil hazard dogs the writing career and Thomson has many brothers in misfortune. Otway, who choked upon a loaf of bread; Chatterton, the inspired forger and suicide; Savage, who died with the law upon his heels; our own Lionel Johnson and Francis Thompson, were all men stung to utterance by "a too quick sense of human infelicity." But in casting a balance of their lives we discover compensations which redress a picture of utter misery. Some circle of appreciative and sympathetic friends, some consciousness (even though rooted in illusion) that the words they uttered would live on when their own sorry story was an old tale, some vision of an infinite, benumbed their personal suffering. Thomson had nothing. In his own terrible words, his doom was "unmitigated dearth."

Reared in an orphanage, he grew up that sad little being, an "institutional child." His brief army career ended in dismissal. His first and only love affair was cut short by death. During the greater part of his adult life he earned a precarious living as writer for a trade publication, drifting from one hired lodging to another in London's more sordid streets. Two brief interludes took him abroad, once to Spain as war correspondent, once to Colorado on some vague mining scheme. Both ended in failure and his doom dragged him back to the city that would break his heart and shatter his frame. Like other men who have not his excuse, he turned for comfort to drink, and drink was poison to his exasperated nerves. Hardly any recognition greeted his great poem. To Meredith it was "a chorus from the vaults of Hell"; to the prim Athenaeum, "evidently the work of a self-educated mechanic." Suffering hardened his heart but he could not cast out the vision of a malignant creator. It is difficult to read some of the blasphemy this distorted survival of faith wrung from him without a pitying shudder. We have heard how he died.

Even today, the admiration with which he is regarded has to fight hard to keep his fame secure. There is still a public which turns instinctively from what it is pleased to regard as unpleasant, and to which any revelation of the extreme chances of fate is ungrateful. The latest edition of his poems, selected and edited by Gordon Hall Gerould, is an attempt to extend the appreciation now general for The City to other work by the sombre poet. Mr. Gerould is irritated by the public tendency to label a writer and by its reluctance to let more catholic admirers disturb the old judgment. Thomson's literary misfortune, he thinks, is that "he was ticketed at once as an apostle of pessimism and despair, which among other things he certainly is, and only in that manifestation was he remembered or seriously considered." A mass of poems, long and short, is offered us to reinforce the claim that Thomson was a poet of immense industry and of many moods, and that it is injustice to concentrate all our praise upon the one work which is his passport among the great. Applying what he terms "a sound pragmatic test," Mr. Gerould discovers Thomson's true greatness in the fact that "he has become a teacher of other poets, the founder of a tradition in verse making." "I have no means of knowing," proceeds the critic, "whether Mr. John Masefield is aware of his debt, but I am quite sure that he has learned almost as much from Thomson as from Chaucer. . . ."

It is mainly upon one long narrative poem, Weddah and Om El-Bonain, that Mr. Gerould relies for a reversal of judgment. Now the narrative poem, it need scarcely be said, is a severe test, perhaps the severest test that any writer of verse can hope to survive. To begin with, it must not only arouse, but sustain interest. The indulgence that is accorded the expression of a mood is denied it. The very extension of its limits demands a serenity—a patience, a coolness, even—that the poem fused at white heat and bounded within a narrow compass need not possess—is perhaps better without. The renascence of the form with Masefield was due to a certain happy combination of circumstances: the perfect possession of a bucolic background in the country of the Wye and Clun, a first-hand acquaintance with the moods of nature and a faculty of wedding their changes to human mischance, perhaps most of all, a wholehearted return to the authentic sources of English poetry which lie in Chaucer and Gower. Thomson, with all respect to his genius be it said, lacked this equipment. His reactions to nature, preferably in the catastrophic mood, are sharp and vivid. But they are impressions rather than the remembered observation that steeps a long poem in atmosphere. "Blank arid eyes, weary and hopeless as the waste they crossed"; "Hollow echoes as from caverned spaces"; "From the black swollen clouds that overhung the hot rain poured"; "Wild flashes lit waste gloom."

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Weddah and Om El-Bonain is filled with such Brocken spectres, such reflections of human passion seeking to borrow a countenance from the pageant of nature. The effort is so palpable that an element of violence, the one thing a narrative poem must avoid, is imported.

A fault still worse is a constant use of threadbare phraseology, of what might be called the jargon of poetry—or even of "poesy." Thomson, for all his greatness, held to a belief which has been and is responsible for more bad and mediocre verse than any one other, namely, that poetry possesses a technical terminology of its own and that the vernacular is not competent to express every flight of human imagination. Over and over again we are given such thin-worn coinage as "plenteous store," "surpassing dower," "fuming spray," "pleasure and annoy," "what bale had wounded him," "slakeless thirst of gore," "sire" for "father," "damsel" for "girl"—e tutti quanti.

It is when we turn from these "exercises" in poetry to the great poem by which Thomson's name and fame are secured that (pace Mr. Gerould) we realize how inherent to any work approaching greatness is intensity of feeling. The lava-stream of "saeva indignatio" that welled up in the hapless poet's heart as he penned that tremendous beginning: "Lo, thus as prostrate. . . " never fails nor falters through any one of the twenty-one stanzas that compose the marvelous creation. Trivialities and artifice are burned away; even similes are discarded in favor of a descriptiveness that sears itself upon our consciousness.

"A river girds the city west and south,
The main north channel of a broad lagoon,
Regurging with the salt tides from the mouth;
Waste marshes shine and glister to the moon
For leagues, then moorland black, then stony ridges;

". . . A trackless wilderness rolls north and west
Savannahs, savage woods, enormous mountains,
Bleak uplands, black ravines with torrent fountains;
And eastward rolls the shipless sea's unrest."

This is the landscape of a soul in torment, laid bare for us, with contours, boundaries, a whole authentic topography of its own.

And, as so often happens, at the challenge of something felt to the deepest recesses of the being, art awakens and puts all its resources at the service of sincerity. The mere structure of The City, it has been noticed, is well-nigh perfect—a series of symbolic incidents, in breathless and diversified metres, interspersed with decasyllabic choruses of austerity and impersonal stoicism that answer each complaint with a lofty and compassionate scorn until exhausted pain and passion blend in the final and terrible oracle:

"That none can pierce the vast black veil uncertain
Because there is no light beyond the curtain
That all is vanity and nothingness."

In face of such dark splendors, success or failure to woo a stubborn muse in other essays become, at least in the opinion of one critic, matter of secondary importance, however one may applaud the pious work of admirers who rescue them from obscurity. Once in a long while, perhaps once in a generation, the mood and the man or woman who can deal perfectly with it encounter one another. Then rules no longer apply. Language undergoes a species of levitation, and soars. A spectral lucidity, as unconscious of the laws that govern its flight as the wings of a mounting eagle or hawk, lifts it to the very confines of verbal expression. These divine accidents cast an ungrateful light upon "contrived" poetry. But it is they that dignify all poetry and make it worth while, just as the meanest cock-boat that rides on tidal waters may exult at feeling the swell and heave of ocean beneath its frail timbers.

No notice of James Thomson in a journal of this character would be complete without some reference to his attitude toward religion. The hapless poet was an atheist. But his was atheism of a virulent and combative type, not uncommon in the nineteenth century, very different, and, in my opinion, far less dangerous to faith than the complacent disbelief of our own day, which, after having rooted God out of the consciousness, erects a whole hideous structure of hedonistic living on the sterile ground. It has even been said of him that "the faith of the believer survived to torture the negations of the sceptic." For this very reason, terrible as are some of his blasphemies, they carry their own antidote. Few there are who, reading them, will consent to harbor a nihilism so bleakly, so comfortlessly presented. We are shocked, but hardly scandalized. And at the end we are conscious of little save a consuming pity.

HENRY LONGAN STUART.

Symbols and Realities

Mr. Weston's Good Wine, by T. F. Powys. New York: The Viking Press. $3.50.

They Could Not Sleep, by Struthers Burt. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.00.

THE success of allegory as a literary form depends upon its clarity and singleness of purpose. The religious fervor of Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, the urbane irony of Anatole France's Ile des Pingouins, are classic examples of a sustained mood and unmistakable intent. The weakness of Mr. Powys's vivid parable, despite its imaginative quality and fluent charm of style, lies in the intrusion of an erratic personal equation, resulting in over-emphasis of detail and a jarring, almost boisterous colorfulness, as out of key as ill-timed laughter.

In its basic symbolism Mr. Weston's Good Wine is as elemental as Humpty-Dumpty or an Aesop's fable. Mr. Weston is the author's name for God; and his Good Wine, which is of two sorts, is either love or a darker, headier vintage, which is death. The English village of Folly Down, where Mr. Weston arrives in a Ford car one late December evening, peddling his wares, is a microcosm, built on simpler lines than the actual world, its men and women living epitomes of the vices and virtues, and good and evil set in as sharp opposition as black and white, heaven and hell, with no confusing interminglings or half-tones. Upon Mr. Weston's advent at Folly Down the clocks stand still, time ceases and eternity begins. And what happens to the various dwellers in Folly Down during its brief taste of eternity depends upon their acceptance and their choice of Mr. Weston's two good vintages.

To this extent you cannot mistake, even though you should try, the author's intent. It is his capricious embroidery of non-essentials that converts it at times into a perplexing humoresque that annoys, exasperates, antagonizes and begets almost as many different reactions as there are readers. It offers promise of a morality play, done with a touch of twentieth-century sophistication. Often when most startling it proves to be in essence a thought-compelling echo of New Testament fundamentals. And then with the turn of a page we come to some grotesque detail, some quirk of caricature, that suddenly raises the question, Is the author in earnest, or is all this merely a dexterous juggling with a whimsical idea, for the juggling's sake, heedlessly skirting the edges of unguessed profundities? Indeed,

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there are moments when a careless, hasty reader might suspect Mr. Powys of deliberate, ironic satire, flippantly reducing hallowed beliefs to terms of the comic cartoon. And this is vastly unfortunate, for probably nothing was remoter from Mr. Powys's intent than to be comic.

Mr. Weston's Good Wine is, in brief, a book of great daring that has fallen short of complete achievement. Had Mr. Powys aimed less high, this would not have so greatly mattered. But those who write of heaven and hell, of love and death and final judgment, have no right to be obscure, for the sake of a well-turned phrase or a startling effect. They must write their meaning clear, when dealing with the eternal verities.

Mr. Struthers Burt is known as a novelist of some distinction, and both his Interperter's House and his Delectable Mountains combine good workmanship with a wide popular appeal. Yet it is not a rash statement to predict that he will be remembered longer for his short stories than for his novels. He has a rare and enviable trick of compressing into a few pages a vista of long years, giving you the illusion of having known some chance little group with amazing intimacy and understanding, and leaving with you an abiding sense of having been privileged to meet some chosen spirits and commune with them. It is in these short stories rather than in his longer works that Mr. Burt reveals himself as the urbane entertainer, the complete cosmopolitan, the fastidious connoisseur of men and of women, especially of women, the subtle appraiser of those momentous trifles that are the hallmarks of breeding, the one right word or gesture that may make or unmake destinies.

In the present volume there are ten stories, ranging, as the jacket-note tells us, from satire to mysticism; and in point of fact they are of quite uneven value, the best being flawless little gems, while the worst, notably Pepper's Ghost, or The Man Who Grew a Beard, have an element of cheapness that makes them seem sadly out of place in this collection. Of the opening tale, Beauty and the Blantons, it seems necessary to speak at some length, for it has an atmosphere that sets it apart from all the rest as a special tour de force, and something even rarer and more intangible. It is the story of an azalea garden, originally planted in the middle forties by the Reverend Jeremiah Blanton, after his enforced retirement from the ministry; and for his remaining years we gather that all the outpouring of his spirit of ministration, all his pent-up prayers went into the making of this, the world's most famous, most complete azalea garden. Now when a novelist tells you that his hero has written the world's greatest poem, or his heroine is a second Helen of Troy, or makes any similar rash and sweeping assertion, he is doing a very daring thing, and rarely if ever does he carry complete conviction. And so Mr. Burt has really achieved a rare victory, because he does make us see and sense the beauty of this garden—especially at night, with the triple enchantment of its glamour, its fragrance, its moonlit loveliness. More than that, he shows us five successive generations of Blantons, nurtured on the beauty of this garden, molded by it, made different men and women because of it; yes, even down to Dorothy, youngest of her line, "she and all her pathetic, self-steeled little generation."

There are two other stories that demand a brief word: Stumbling Feet, and Grandpa. The first concerns a young married woman, very lovely and very lonely, for her heart is not with her husband, a great statesman with weighty problems on his mind, but with another man who in his way is equally great. The story is seen through the eyes of a third man who has two dances one evening with the lady. And during the first dance her eyes are bright, her laugh is lilting and herself light as thistledown in his arms; for she has decided to leave her husband and follow her heart. And then later in the evening—she has decided that it is better that one man shall think a woman shallow and one woman's heart shall break than that two honorable careers be wrecked. And that is why in the second dance the lilting voice is out of tune and the thistledown feet drag and stumble.

Grandpa has a lighter note of sophisticated irony. A fine old French aristocrat is in doubt about her son's prospective marriage to a charming American girl. She has no prejudice against Americans, if they are the right sort; but before she gives formal consent, she arranges a dinner where she can meet not only the prospective bride and her title-hunting mother but the old grandfather as well—a faded, somnolent, very deaf old man, of whom his women-folk are obviously ashamed. During dinner they do their best to suppress him; but something has wakened Grandpa out of his lethargy. The hostess leads him on to tell of the Civil War, and of his experiences in the West; "from Kansas to the Dakotas; from drought and poverty to Indiana and riches." That is the kind of American blood Madame de Norvins would have welcomed in her family; but she looks from the fine old patriot to his expatriated daughter and granddaughter and softly tells herself "No. Expatriation is a vulgar thing, a half-way thing. . . . I wish the girl well, but not my son. My family is not an experiment station."

FREDERICK TABER COOPER.

The Dawn of the Papacy

The See of Peter, by James T. Shotwell and Louise Ropes Loomis. New York: Columbia University Press. $7.50.

THIS is the dossier of the early Papacy. Unlike Mirbt's Quellen, which is a meagre selection of bare texts in Latin and Greek, this work is an almost exhaustive collection of translated documents accompanied by very full historical introduction and notes. It is only an impeccable scholarship that can move safely in this well-worked field where theological exigencies frequently crowd out sound criticism. Few can approach the Pope with the detachment wherewith one might view the Ahkond of Swat. Nor is the fault always on the antipapal side. Does not our most recent book of Church history by a Catholic M.A. of Cambridge discover patriarchs ruling in Alexandria and Antioch in the second century with jurisdiction delegated by the Roman Pontiffs? Professors Shotwell and Loomis recognize the dangers that abound when the selection of texts implies a judgment on their value, when the translation admits of all sorts of nuances, when the bibliography might lend undue support to some view, and when commentary might easily falsify the evidence by a mere emphasis. The reader is warned at times that the authors mean to suggest no inferences and that the hypotheses described and the speculations based on them need not be followed.

The book presents (1) the texts that throw any light on Saint Peter's primacy and his institution of the Roman bishopric (2) the texts that show the recognition and exercise in the first three centuries of privileges believed to be a Roman inheritance from Saint Peter, and (3) the texts portraying the fourth-century Popes enjoying spiritual predominance over East and West. Few pertinent texts are omitted and perhaps none of great moment. The commentaries of Ambrosiaster and the Quaestiones Veteris et Novi Testamenti, the Decretum Gelasianum (which, in spite of Dobschütz and Batiffol, may have a bearing on the attitude of Damascus toward the First Council of Constantinople) are among the most interesting

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omissions. Only in very few cases can exception be taken to the translations, and the bibliographies are generally satisfactory. Faults there are in the book, but they are much less evident than its conspicuous merits.

A full enumeration of all the statements open to challenge or protracted arguments over the precise meaning of Cyprian's words, or Tertullian's, or Origen's, are impossible here. But the reader will have to be on guard against being led into conclusions that are not sure. There are faults of stress. Thus the lack of organization in the primitive Church is exaggerated. The importance of the apocryphal legends of Peter is played up a bit too strongly, and perhaps more than the authors wish to convey is connoted by saying that these legends were valued at their strategic worth, that they were expanded and embellished to fit the new papal theory from 269 to 311. There are places where statements are too positive in view of the actual knowledge we possess. The presentation of the results of New Testament criticism, of the history of penance, of the story of Pope Victor, are cases in point. To call Zephyrinus and Callistus Monarchians twice hardly makes the charge more plausible. Nor is it certain that one of these is the person denounced in the De Pudicitia of Tertullian.

It might be instructive to consider a few points at greater length. Let us take two cases where the evidence is not conclusive and one where it is. In the first two the author's championship of one opinion is very damaging to the other which, by chance, happens to be the more favorable to papal claims. In the third case a similar conclusion is stated and driven home by overlooking the most telling parts of the evidence. The first is the case of Saint Cyprian's De Unitate. All scholars know that a very excellent defense has been made of the "interpolations." What Archbishop Benson once called "a papal agression upon history and literature" are accepted by Harnack and many leading patrologists as perfectly Cyprianic in thought and quite possibly in authorship. The passages in question are very favorable to the Roman primacy. In treating them one should put the reader in possession of both sides of the question without favoring either beyond the limits set by positive knowledge. The present work says that "a few alterations in his statements, a small interpolation here and there, would transform Cyprian's acknowledgment of Peter's significance into one of Peter's predominance. Such alterations had been made by an unknown hand before the close of the sixth century in the text of the most widely read of all Cyprian's works." The "uninterpolated" text is then given with a foot-note which reads "this whole passage was some time later worked over with interpolations to fit it for papal use," and then Pope Pelagius II is shown using the fitted-for-papal-use version about 585. The bibliography, it is true, will act as a corrective for the reader who has access to certain foreign theological reviews.

Another case is that of Pope Liberius. The facts are these: Liberius went into exile and returned. A story was circulated to the effect that he purchased his freedom by signing some documents. The three chief pieces of evidence for the story may be forgeries and there are good reasons to suspect they are. The present work entitles the story, The Apostasy of Liberius. The introduction to the documents gives an account based on the suspicious evidence with no suggestion that it may be untrustworthy. Then follow the doubtful texts themselves. A belated note admits they have been marked as of doubtful authority and then gives some of the arguments but, curiously, only those for the defense of the authenticity.

The third case is that of Clement of Alexandria. At a time in the second century when the rule of faith was so much

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discussed, "Clement furnishes a salutary corrective for those of us who might feel after reading Hegisippus and Irenaeus that all roads in that search inevitably brought one to Rome." Two passages of the Hypotyposes are then quoted wherein Clement speaks of Peter, James and John. And the point being made is emphasized by a note which reads "Peter, to Clement, was merely one of the two or three principal apostles." Now the reader would hardly suspect that Clement also says that Peter is "the chosen, the preëminent, the first of the disciples for whom alone, along with Himself, the Saviour paid tribute," or that he writes that Peter alone was baptized by Christ and that from Peter baptism was passed down to the other Apostles; or that he is unwilling to admit that the Cephas whom Paul withstood may be the Apostle Peter.

The student, then, who uses this book must use it with discretion. Because the full-grown Papacy lacks certain likenesses with the early Roman bishopric, he must not ignore development and deny the connection or heighten the resemblances. Catholicism has no a priori formula of how developments take place, and the effort of Professors Shotwell and Loomis to set forth the gradual understanding, exercise and acceptance of all that we believe was implicit in the Petrine office need not be disquieting to any Catholic who is not indissolubly wedded to the idea that Saint Peter wore a tiara when fishing.

JOSEPH M. EGAN.

Some Surface Thinkers

The Misbehaviorists, by Harvey Wickham. New York: The Dial Press. $3.50.

THESE are evil days for the mildly incredulous person. The marvels of modern science, as purveyed by a steady stream of best-selling, up-to-the-minute psychologists, biologists, anthropologists and philosophers, are giving his amiable, common-sense mind more logically indigestible medicine than the so-called superstitious middle-ages ever offered to a gullible folk. It does not matter that many of the theories he must hear wherever witty people talk, are mutually incompatible as well as individually inconsistent. If he does not swallow whole every volume of smart scientific exposition that reaches the 20,000 circulation-mark, he finds himself scorned by his acquaintances. If, for instance, he refuses to declare, with the Watsonian behaviorists, that all thinking is impossible, he is denounced as being unable to think. If, in his innocence, he does not hold, with the Freudians, that everyone, including himself, is at every moment tingling in every fibre with sex, he is forthwith accused of tingling most ferociously with sex. If he does not believe, with Sir Arthur Keith and the neo-Darwinians, that every possible human virtue was contained in his simian forbears, he is pitied as being no better than a monkey—and so on. If he insists that he has a mind, and on using it; if he ventures modestly to suspect that much of the reasoning according to the modern temper is mere rationalizing for the sake of drifting on the tide of undisciplined impulse, he is branded as a dogmatic, narrow-minded Yahoo.

In the face of such confident and vociferous unanimity, he finally begins to have misgivings. Maybe he is wrong. Maybe, he suspects, he has only a croquet-ball where everyone he knows has a brain. In despair of ever becoming a correct conversationalist, he retires from society—which is not such a bad solution. Nevertheless he is in desperate need of comfort.

With this pathetic situation in mind, Mr. Wickham has written one of the most exhilarating and useful of current books. With appropriately demoniac glee he lambasts the weakest themes on the materialistic jargoneers' prematurely triumphant symphony. His hurricane of hilarity leaves little but smoldering wreckage in its path.

His best chapter is undoubtedly the one on Dr. Watson and his school. A sample will suffice to demonstrate his method. With regard to the tenet that thinking is but a sub-vocal speech, consisting of certain muscular movements of the throat and chest, and that this muscular theory is not so far-fetched as it sounds, he says: "Why is it not? Because these sub-vocal movements seem always to be going on when we are thinking, and to some minds—or should I say muscles?—it seems logical to say that an accompaniment or a consequent is a cause. The same sort of sub-vocal speech will lead us to conclude that the foam in the wake of a steamer is what causes the vessel to go. I have often noticed that a little troupe of dogs usually accompanies Mrs. Belfeather in her walks in the park. I now learn that these dogs are Mrs. Belfeather."

Similarly vivacious dialectic is turned on Freud, on the scientific determinists, on Wiggam's eugenics, on those glib eclectics, Drs. Dorsey and Will Durant, on Lewis Browne's blasphemous account of Christ and Christianity. Rabbi Browne fares worst of all. The others are convicted only of occasional solemn nonsense in the end, but Browne stands deservedly revealed as nothing more formidable than a brazen ignoramus.

Probably because of its indefinite range, the book is somewhat unequal. The chapter on the new physics is disappointing; it wastes energy in combating rather inconsequential theorists with still more inconsequential ones. Again, the argument fails to grant, as it could well afford to, the positive values in the modern temper. The behavioristic experiments of Pavlov and Watson and the psychoanalysts' delvings into the sub-conscious have made us realize that childhood is a period of incalculable importance, and that daydreaming may be very profitably, if it is courageously, examined. And the Darwinians' picture of bloodily competitive nature as a spectacle from which humanity should hope to withdraw is well worth contemplating. But Wickham has no time for laurels; he is too busy with his brickbats. As to his own philosophy, one cannot, of course, piece it together and judge it adequately from such a book as this, except to recognize it as idealistic and Christian.

It may seem strange than a man of Wickham's indubitable keenness and learning should elaborately attack adversaries who are, after all, quite unworthy of his sharper metal; why he should ignore more solid opponents and busy himself with second-hand popularizations. His answer would be that these adversaries are after all extremely powerful, that they do wield a pernicious influence among hosts of good people. Furthermore he admires their effective literary style. He deplores the obscure (though accurate) language of the one scientific writer whom he endorses, and he believes that Durant's ability as a biographer "amounts almost to genius."

At any rate, he has played his opponents' own literary game, and has produced a more breathlessly witty, brilliant and entertaining book than any of theirs. Sometimes his humor is a trifle too broad. For instance: "Now a self, or a self-consciousness which is only a form made out of the things which constitute it and not perceived by anything else, is less a self than a piece of bread rubbed on the outside of an empty closet door is a cheese sandwich."

The Misbehaviorists ought to be a best seller. If it is not, then there is little hope for tea-party intelligence. The publishers will do well to correct its too frequent misprints in the second of its (let us hope) many editions.

ERNEST BRENNECKE, JR.

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Uprooted Lives

The Transplanting: A Narrative from the Letters of Marie Balascheff, a Russian Refugee in France, edited by Martha Genung Stearns. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

THE history of the Russian refugees in the twentieth century is not unlike the history of the French emigrés in the eighteenth. We all remember the earlier story: the hospitality of England to the fugitives, and the touch of vivacity they lent to what was perhaps the very stodgiest period of British social life. We have never ceased to admire the courage with which they faced poverty and exile, the breeding which made the stupidities of complaint impossible for them, the pride with which they did any work that their profound inexperience could compass. The Russian exiles have manifested the same qualities—a smiling and valorous front, a readiness for labor, and, on the part of the women at least, an unexpected degree of competency.

It is true that Madame Balascheff, who tells her own story in The Transplanting, is of the opinion that Russian endeavor has been largely a failure, and that her people have been more conspicuous for passive endurance than for effort or accomplishment. That they can outbid the world in the matter of endurance has been proved by Russia's amazing submission to the successive tyrannies of czarism and the Soviet. The conception of a government which holds no favored class has yet to dawn upon her vision. But Maurice Paléologue, that most understanding of modern diplomatists, asserts that Russian women have more decision of character, and a more forceful type of intelligence than have the men; and the events of ten sorrowful years have amply verified his word.

To have lived in luxury until middle age, to have known only cultivated and care-free people, to have been familiar with royalty from childhood, to have six sons and high hopes for all of them; and then to find oneself a friendless and almost penniless alien—this is surely an experience that calls for every bit of bravery and resistance of which the human soul is capable. Madame Balascheff's finely tempered soul responded nobly to the challenge. She refused once and for all to be defeated by circumstance; and she seems to have resolutely saved herself the waste of vain regrets.

Work was the key to her problem, and the question she faced was what kind of work could she and her older sons do? Being an aristocrat of aristocrats, she was happily immune from that hankering after genteel employment which teases the souls of the proletariat. Physical labor seemed to her as dignified as mental labor, and raising poultry a less harassing occupation than teaching English to little reluctant girls. "There is a stability and balance which comes, to those who live by the land," says this descendant of generations of land-owners.

Two things Madame Balascheff failed to take into account: the difficulty of living like peasants when you have not the peasants' restricted outlook, and the rainfall of northern France. "Nature hates a farmer," and the duck-farm of Le Crotoy provoked her utmost hostility. Madame Balascheff's innocent belief that, because ducklings take to water, they will thrive in damp and mud, made her first venture profitless in all save experience. Being intelligent enough to value experience, she replaced the ducks with chickens, and we leave her and her indomitable young sons in a fair way to moderate success.

There is more in this remarkable little book, however, than the records of duck- and chicken-raising, interesting though these are. The author's reflections on her country and her

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country people are very tranquil and very sane. She retains a somewhat touching regard for the czar and the czarina; but the people whom she knows are the peasants who till the soil, and the restless, temperamental, courageous aristocracy. She regards the strength of English institutions "as immutable as the pyramids," with whimsical, unenvying admiration, and doubts if "any Russian really likes conventions and rigid respectability." Her religion is deep, haunting, mystical, comforting and enlightening. It is not of the vapidly buoyant order. "Have you ever noticed," she writes to her friend, "that the suspension of the spiritual life begins with denying evil as an active principle? 'When I have taught men to believe that I do not exist, I shall be their master,' says Satan to Ivan Karamazov in Dostoievsky's novel."

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America and French Culture, by Howard Mumford Jones. The University of North Carolina Press. $5.00.

The German Element in the United States, by Albert Bernhardt Faust. New York: The Steuben Society of America.

STUDY of the diverse racial contributions to American stock and culture is very much alive. I do not know if we are taking up in any serious manner the suggestions of Nadler, who believes that an understanding of the United States as a whole must depend upon a preliminary knowledge of the various constituent groups; but one does find Dr. Howard Mumford Jones saying, in his unusually informing book, that our treatment of literary history is defective because of the lack of "social reference." Dr. Jones himself, throughout more than five hundred heavily documented pages, attempts to establish this reference for the sake of explaining the comparatively small sum total of French influence upon our culture. There is a solid chapter on the French immigrant up to 1840 (with which year the first part of this projected two-volume study ends) in which due attention is paid the Huguenots, the Acadians, the Creoles and the emigré nobles of Philadelphia and elsewhere. "The ideas and manners of the French were extraordinarily influential in shaping American ways," even though some, unfortunately enough, "measured Philadelphia on the scale of Paris" and so came to commercial and ethical grief. French impact upon American speech is an interesting topic to which full justice is done. When one thinks of these various alien "influences," it seems small wonder that Oxford should find it difficult to fathom the diction of Milwaukee.

After dealing with a mass of detail extracted from the history of manners and art, Dr. Jones proceeds to the discussion of religion and writes three important and fascinating chapters regarding it. The major issue is, of course, the invasion of deism into revolutionary America. This proved alarmingly corrosive of colonial orthodoxy, so that (we are told) Griswold was probably right in declaring that "in the days of Washington" atheists were "comparatively much more numerous and more dignified in talents and positions" than has since been the case. On the other hand, French intervention on behalf of the colonies profoundly modified the general attitude toward Catholics, dulling much of the prevailing asperity and instilling positive benevolence into such communities as Baltimore. But

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during the reaction which followed, led by such men as Timothy Dwight, it was antagonism to the deists rather than interest in the Catholics that won the day. There remained, however, the not inconsiderable effect upon thinking of those various foreign writers—Fénelon being, perhaps, the most prominent—who got into the libraries of leading citizens.

We shall pass over Dr. Jones's study of early Franco-American political relations, which derives much of its substance from the illuminating volumes of Professor Faÿ but goes far afield among other competent authorities. In the process of accounting for the character of American civilization, the author enumerates four "spirits" which he thinks have been dominant—the cosmopolitan, the frontier, the middle-class and the urban. To the third is attributed the prevailing note of "shrewd business, culture at half-price." It wanted a comforting aroma of learning and poetry, but it also wanted respectability and "safe guidance." The article described is real enough, but why term it "middle class" when the "extremes" appear to have been missing? Were not the forces which established the older American ideals of commerce and prim spirituality projections into the new world of a certain variety of English temperament and brawn? If this dissolved a little under lawless frontier influences, it reverted to type almost as soon as more settled conditions prevailed.

Again, Dr. Jones holds that the "great obstacle to a sympathetic reception of things French by Americans has been, it appears, a sense of religious difference." French immorality was suspected on the one hand, French Catholicism on the other. The point is worth making, but I very much doubt that it is the blanket explanation our author seems to think it. Are there not deeply rooted racial, national and cultural differences? And are these less important than religion, when measured in terms of dissent? Inside the American Catholic Church, very much the same kind of opposition to French habits (or French opposition to other people's habits) has existed as the student of history discerns in the world at large. If Dr. Jones directed his glance hither, he might still retain his generalization but would probably modify it considerably. Nevertheless, his book is one of the most important studies of the American past which have appeared in a decade.

A re-issue of Professor Faust's well-known study of Germanic America compressed the two volumes under one cover and should, therefore, find its way into many new hands. In confining himself rigidly to his theme, the author fails to provide either the "glimpses of horizons" or the plumbing of depths which characterize Dr. Jones's book. He gives a detailed account of German immigration into the colonies and later into the United States, pausing to afford intimate views of exceptional personalities. There are many such, from Daniel Pastorius who led the Frankfort Company into the Pennsylvania wilderness, to Bishop Friedrich Baraga, Catholic apostle to the Indians of Michigan. The merely curious incident also is not disdained, as when we are reminded that in Germantown one "Müller was imprisoned for wishing to smoke one hundred pipes of tobacco in one day as the result of a wager." No colonial groups were more colorful—or, perhaps, more important—than the German settlers in Pennsylvania and the South.

Having thus accounted for his forces, Dr. Faust proceeds to narrate what they accomplished. He traces them through the epics of the winning of the West and of the Civil War with a fidelity to fact and an enthusiasm most admirable. Then the second volume presents all the details—German influence upon agriculture, upon viniculture in particular (who has not marveled at Anaheim, on the road to San Diego, and wondered

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where the name hailed from?) upon the development of engineering, chemistry and industrial processes generally, upon politics (great and gracious were the ways of Carl Schurz) and education (remember that Horace Mann learned lastly much in Germany) and upon such matters as music and other fine arts. Finally an appendix gathers together information accumulated since the publication of the first edition. Here one finds accounts of Father Isaac Hecker and numerous other personages.

The method, you see, is that of an honest and business-like historian. There is no attempt to discern precisely what section of American life as a whole has been occupied by Germans. There is no adjusting of the national scale to the size of the Teutonic group. Even so the book deserves the consideration of every thoughtful American and must remain a "source" of great value. Though the descendants of Palatinate and Bavarian wanderers have, to so large an extent, kept "more to themselves" than sundry other groups, they have earned the right to a deep respect for their achievement on behalf of all American corporate undertakings. This is not merely "proved" by Professor Faust's book. It is steadily and ingratiatingly "suggested" by a narrative which is always fluent and sometimes engrossing, and by illustrations good and numerous enough to encourage a day's fertile meditation.

GEORGE N. SHUSTER.

Idylls of the Black Folk

Congaree Sketches: Scenes from Negro Life in the Swamps of the Congaree, by Edward C. L. Adams. The University of North Carolina Press.

HERE is a book that does not aim at giving us any great passion or any great enlightenment. And yet it carries over to us more of an immediate sense of life than we are likely to get out of any of our current books. We have no sense of something being "invented" in these pages; we have only a sense of something being recorded. And Dr. Adams seems to have instinctively discovered a form appropriate for what he records: on the surface his sketches seem to be no more than casual conversations upon casual subjects. But such is his power of suggesting backgrounds, vagaries of human thought, a definite level of culture, that these sketches become idylls.

I have been told by those who know the southern states that the speech in Congaree Sketches is as authentic as any Negro speech that has ever been put down upon paper, and I can very well believe that it is. I know that when I open the book and look down any of the pages I hear men and women talking, and I know that what they are saying is native, is racy. It is about everyday life, and yet it is close, as their everyday thoughts must be close, to the frontiers of fable. One can feel that these people are easily terrified, and that they like making themselves terrified. In their speech there is the rhythm of oratory and oral poetry:

"I been down to de Congaree in de big swamps, where de trees is tall an' de moss long an' grey, where de Bullace grow, and where I hear de tune of de bird in de mornin'; down wey de wild turkey gobbles, way down on de Congaree; wey God's mornin' leads to de devil's night; down on de river, where night makes her sign, where owls on a dead limb talks of de dead, talks wid de dead and laughs like de dead, way down in de big swamps of de Congaree."

Dr. Adams brings us into a circle, at a church service, perhaps, or round a log fire, or by a roadside. We are in the company of a few people we know—Tad and Scip, Jake and

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"Dey say dey is always one an' sometimes two or three buzzards walkin' through, over an' 'round de dead. Sometimes a buzzard will be settin' on a log, an' sometimes dey will be slowly walkin' 'round like dey ain' dere for no purpose but t make de place look more dreadful. Dey don't seems to have to eat de food dat's put 'efore 'em, an' dey looks like some'n dat's dead wid de power to walk slow an' dey walks like dey counts dey footsteps, an' dey footsteps is de footsteps of de dead. Once in a while dey shake dey self an' stretches out dey neck an' makes a sound dat makes your blood creep like dey was tryin' to make things as worse for your hearin' as it is dreadful for your eyes."

And then there is the fervor that brings improvisations in verse. In Wild Goose Nest, Sister Peggie, on being exhorted by Brother Hickman, tells her experience:

"I travel a long distance an' de road been rough and mighty dark, an' at a long distance and a great height and nigh de end of de road I find a wild goose nest, an' all de eggs but one is white, and it were black." The audience keeps breaking into a chant as the dialogue between Sister Peggie and Brother Hickman goes on—

"Wild goose nest,
Wild goose nest,
Wild goose nest."

In this sketch, and in Jumping Gut, we seem to come on the origins of folk-songs and folk-games.

In Congaree Sketches Dr. Adams has shown an extraordinary loyalty to the black man's simplicities. He has let him speak for himself. And he has discovered a form which permits that speech to come over to us uncontaminated by comment. A very deliberate artist could do no more than this recorder has done, seemingly very casually, in Congaree Sketches.

PADRAIC COLUM.

Prose on an Even Keel

The Book of Modern Catholic Prose, compiled by Theodore Maynard. New York: Henry Holt and Company. $2.00.

BRIEFLY and primarily, Theodore Maynard's new collection of Catholic prose is an anthology of beautiful writing. Gratitude is likely to be the reader's dominant emotion after turning its last rich pages—gratitude for so much tranquillity and good temper in an era of so much restlessness and bad manners; gratitude for the compilation of so compact a treasury of belles-lettres that are catholic as well as Catholic in orientation, subject-matter and spiritual coloring.

Mr. Maynard contrives to bring forward in his anthology a broad cross-section of all that is vigorous, dignified and ripely cultured in the Catholic literature of the past half-century. He has succeeded in assembling an interesting and reposeful volume, a volume splendidly representative of what we like to regard as peculiar to Catholic letters at their best. There is no special pleading in the book; the homily and the purely theological thesis have been skilfully and pleasantly avoided. But it is apparent that every one of the authors presented in these pages wears a deep-sunk anchor to his windward, securing his thought to traditional bases and holding him evenly on a

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balanced keel of stylistic sanity. Purple patches that are merely purple patches have been excluded; only self-sustaining and fully developed ideas have been permitted to enter these pages. But while each section is independent and, of course, highly individualistic, the book as a whole is permeated by the flavor of a tacit faith finding modern and thoughtful expression in half a hundred examples of superb writing.

Old favorites and welcomed introductions to new friends divide the reader's attention. A few of the selections are already classics. Francis Thompson's Paganism Old and New and Governor Smith's Catholic and Patriot—although differing vastly in tenor, and separated by some forty years—fall into the category of permanent prose institutions. The ringing eloquence of Cardinal Gibbons on the high theme of liberty, the delicacy of Katherine Tynan's description of an Irish garden, Louise Imogene Guiney's contribution to the literature of quiet gayety and Mary Colum's critical delineation of Virginia Woolf's art, sing in the loftiest choir of written English that has been heard since the golden essay-age of Coleridge, Hazlitt and Lamb. Naturally, one will discover his own favorites. This reviewer has read Ayscough's Death of an Enemy half a dozen times, and is more certain after each reading that it is the single greatest treatment of a war episode he has ever read —the best passages of Barbusse, Cendrars and Alan Seeger not excepted.

It is to be hoped that this volume will fall upon worthy literary ground, yet to judge by its format, its destiny seems to be that of a text-book. But this is not the worst fate that can overtake such a volume. Few readers are more susceptible to the nuance of idea and manner than the student who carefully prepares his twenty pages of assigned reading. And the students who are lucky enough to draw an assignment from this anthology will be muddy-mettled indeed if they do not wake to an appreciation of its sturdy texture and delicate aroma.

HENRY MORTON ROBINSON.

The Paradoxical Christian

Christian IV, by John A. Gade. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $5.00.

A FORMER American diplomat at the court of Denmark, the author of a well-known book on the Swedish hero, Charles XII, continues his work in Scandinavian history with a life of Christian IV, king of Denmark and Norway.

Mr. John A. Gade can claim some unusual advantages in approaching the story of this monarch so well-beloved of the Danes, whose defenses and powers he fostered so ably. After some very interesting detail regarding the birth and early years of Christian, Mr. Gade, touching upon many customs that showed how strongly the institutions of the universal Church were fixed upon the Danish people, comes to tell of a burlesque procession to celebrate his coronation, at which Christian, masquerading as Pope Sergius with a triple tiara, led out his nobles attired as cardinals and bishops for a joust and ring-running. Eating and drinking and general dissoluteness fill up the private life of this monarch, whose public policies were, on the whole, highly beneficial to his people.

Like other self-indulgent monarchs of questionable moral behavior, Christian busied himself greatly with religious reforms. He had all the cant of a Puritan bigot, but as Mr. Gade tells us, "he was as afraid of Calvinism as of Catholicism," declaring that "one must be always on guard against either fox breaking into the Danish farmyard." The Danish clergy were, it seems, as slow to resign the devil and his pres-

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ence in the world as were the faithless English clergy under Henry VIII. They retained some qualms over the four nursery establishments maintained in the king's palace, and had to be subordinated firmly under the duress of the nobles.

The jealousies of Christian IV and Gustav Adolf of Sweden created new difficulties at every victory of that redoubtable Protestant. "Not only did the great Protestant powers at this critical moment sue for Christian's favor, but Poland and Spain also attempted to gain either his support or neutrality. Though he refused to have anything to do with the Catholic powers, Christian's attitude seemed for a while vacillating and half-hearted, and his foreign policy one of half-precautions."

Mr. Gade writes a strange paragraph regarding Christina, the Swedish king's heiress, for whose hand Christian made a claim for his son. Admitting the contention that the Swedish princess was eccentric and troublesome to her protectors in France and Rome, we find no excuse in the Swedish or continental histories worthy of acceptance to palliate Mr. Gade's assertion: "In later life she became too notorious and infamous even to be admitted to the none too critical court of France, and, after renouncing her throne and murdering her lovers, the only child of the great Protestant abandoned the faith for which her father had died, and was buried a Roman Catholic, under the dome of Saint Peter's."

This seems a slip-up in the generally judicious tone assumed by Mr. Gade. The best Swedish historians are prepared to show him his errors here. The last days of Christian IV were a melancholy appendix to a whole life of mingled greatness, conscientiousness and bestiality. The final scene of the trial of his once preferred mistress, Kirsten, mother of many of his children, only enforces the scornful resumé of his character by his great Swedish rival, Gustav Adolf, in the quotation:

"Parturiunt montes, nascitur ridiculus mus."

THOMAS WALSH.

CONTRIBUTORS

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